3/5/86

Franzoni told me this is the second "original" screenplay he did.

And he said it is a re-write of Franzoni script dated 10/2/81. He said Diane Hammond did her script from this one.

JN

SWEET DREAMS

An original screenplay
by David H. Franzoni

Creative Artists Agency

second

animus [L,spirit,mind,courage,anger]
an inner masculine part of the
female personality.

- WEBSTER

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING RUSH HOUR

Connecticut Aveune broiling with cars. A faded red DATSUN 240Z peels off and CHARGES toward us down a side street. It's one of the original Z-cars that thrilled and chilled us back in the early 70s...fuselage showing numerous wounds and scrapes.

INT./EXT. Z-CAR

A YOUNG GIRL at the helm - straight arming the wheel like a Grand Prix driver, pair of cheap SUN GLASSES thrown carelessly back on her head like aviator's goggles.

CLOSER

She's twenty-seven, blond, pretty with adolescent features that belie her age and a sparkle in her eye that suggests youthful, volatile exuberance. Name's TERRY COOK.

Beside her is JAMIE - an attractive young BLACK GIRL in an "ethnic" hair style. Behind, sprawled uncomfortably on a sleeping bag which substitutes for a seat, is JUDY - thirtyish, slim with a light, unaffected southern accent. Bit of the archetypal "Iron Butterlfy".

NEW ANGLE

as Terry HOWLS around a corner, scatters some PEDESTRIANS with the horn and whips past in a drive-by. She frees a hand and takes over control of the radio from Jamie.

TERRY
You're on communications this morning Jamie - get something decent.

JAMIE
Man, they don't allow that New Wave crap on this early.

TERRY
(messing with stations)
Anything's better than that boogie-shit...

She one-arms it around a garbage truck, lashes out with the horn and keeps on.

JUDY
Terry, I never knew what car-pooling could mean, till there was you.

JAMIE
Hell's this sudden scramble for credibility? You were never worried about being late before.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY
Taking up the slack, Jamie.

Terry SQUEALS to a halt at a light. Judy smiles slyly.

JUDY
(hoping)
You're sure this hasn't got something to do with that position opening up in the International Division?

TERRY
Riiight, baby! The last thing I need is to get trapped in that robot factory with a slobbering alcoholic boss.

JAMIE
Then why do you care if you're late?

TERRY
The drill is for me to keep my job till Ted passes the bar and we get married and get out of here.

Terry BURNS-OUT, dices traffic and dives down a narrow street - a huge ARROW flashes past, pointing against us.

JUDY
Terry! This is a one-way street!

TERRY
Relax, it saves five minutes easy and no one ever uses it.

JAMIE
Oh, shit.

NEW ANGLE

as another CAR looms ahead - both vehicles SCREECH to a stop, bumpers two feet apart. The other car is a POLICE CAR.

JAMIE
Oh, shit!

The COP dismounts, regal and gleaming...and FURIOUS. He strides up to the Z. Terry drops her sun glasses in place - obviously has problems with authority figures.

COP
What the hell, lady! Didn't you see the arrows!?

TERRY
(aghast)
Gosh, officer; I didn't even see the Indians!

ON THE COP

his whole head looks like it's going to explode.

EXT. MONTGOMERY/STATON BANK - MORNING

As the Z-car zooms to a double-parked stop out front. Jamie and Judy climb out, Terry studying her TICKET.

TERRY
Fifty dollars!
(bangs the wheel)
SHIT!!

JAMIE
Will you park this weapon!?

NEW ANGLE

Terry grinds into gear and pulls a searing U-TURN across traffic and into a parking lot across the street from the bank. She parks near a phone booth.

INT. BANK - MORNING

One of those economic threshing machines alive with the lurid glow of neon lights. The patter of TELLERS and weary DEPOSITORS fills the air. Place is huge.

NEW ANGLE

as Terry zooms in through the front door, side-stepping customers and supply islands with a precision that tells us she's on home turf.

AT A DESK

sits a stunning, black-haired YOUNG LADY with facial landscaping straight out of Cosmo. A sign on her desk says : "TELE-COM LIAISON". She's CAROL. As Terry flies past and zips into the elevator Carol checks her WATCH.

HALLWAY 3RD FLOOR - MORNING

The elevator whooshes open and Terry ejects, racing down the hall. Beneath her khaki rain slicker we catch a glimpse of a dark blue dress with a VERY LOUD pattern. Suddenly she pulls up.

TELE-COM ROOM DOORWAY - MORNING

A tall skinny GUY in a security uniform looks up from his book-covered desk. He's RAE - twenty, easy-going with an unruly crop of lusterless blond hair and an aimless smile. Looks eminently out of place as a guard. A SIGN on his desk says: "STOP-CLEARANCE REQUIRED". He's surrounded by a pack of grade school CHILDREN.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

RAE
Ok, gang; here she is!

Terry melts as fifteen innocent faces swing her way.

TERRY
Oh-boy. Hang on a little longer, kids. Teacher's gotta go pee-pee.

INT. LADIES ROOM

Terry washing up, rushing. Jamie and Judy with her.

TERRY
How long have they been waiting?

JAMIE
Relax, the longer they're out of school the happier they are.

TERRY
You see Carol just now? She was actually clocking me as I came in.

JUDY
(after a moment)
Terry...why don't you apply for that promotion?

TERRY
What?

JUDY
Seriously. I don't know why you haven't done it already.

JAMIE
Because she'd rather be in Never-Never Land with Ted.

TERRY
This place is Never-Never Land.

JUDY
I won't believe you don't want that job. You're the only one from the floor capable of taking it.

TERRY
Me? What about Jamie?

JAMIE
I've only been here four months.

JUDY
So, she's not qualified.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Jamie dries her hands, heads for the door.

JAMIE
You fight, I'm going for coffee.

She exits.

JUDY
Just fill out an application. You've already decided to start keeping more "regular" hours anyway, so what have you got to lose? You do more work, show more initiative -- considering the time you're late or "sick" -- than anybody else. And Mr. Connors knows it.

Terry's thinking...lets out a good pensive breath. Obviously the idea has crossed her mind.

JUDY (cont'd)
You're not a weak or stupid person; you just lack real courage.

TERRY
What the hell's that supposed to mean?

JUDY
Forget it. Carol's applied, you know.

She leaves. Terry's THINKING...

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - MORNING

and TIGHT on a set of FINGERS pattering silently over a complicated touch-sensitive KEYBOARD.

A ROLL OF PAPER

SHOOTS from the mouth of a stainless steel cabinet into a plexiglass "collector".

CLOSER

the paper is a mish-mash of NUMBER DIGITS slugging into the surface with a whiney zipping sound.

ON A RECTANGULAR

TV-type viewer: an ultra modern liquid crystal display. Luminous WORDS jet past in a kind of abbreviated super-jargon: TRANSF BANK IDIOM #472.79802...

TERRY (O.S.)
Kids, these are microwave satellite-relay telecommunicators.

FULL ANGLE

Five big MACHINES form a tight semi-circle in the center of the bustling room. There's an animal menacing to their black and grey hulking shapes. Silver labels announce: CRYPTACOM MKIII.

To counter their inhumanness, each has a stickum-letter name: "JONNY", "SHAFT", etc. Terry leads the kids to one without an operator.

ON THE SILENT MACHINE

Really something: the chasis is plastered with clipped-out magazine photos of SEXY MALE FASHION MODELS, a wildly optimistic poster of BARBADOS and a PAPER GRIN. Name's PONCHO.

TERRY
Let's say we have a bank in Hong Kong that wants to transfer money to our bank in Washington D.C. Now they could telephone the information, but that wouldn't be very practical, would it?

CHILD #1
No.

She pats his head, moving right along. The precocious, smartly-dressed child smooths his hair, studies Terry's appreance suspiciously through "owl" glasses.

TERRY
Right. But with these machines the information is typed in, the message zoomed into outer space, bounced off a communications satellite and picked up right here. Anyone with a tele-com can receive any transmitted message.

ON THE OPPOSITE WALL

a thin black bar creeps over the surface of a WORLD MAP igniting points of light as it passes over cities.

TERRY
This map tells us when a particular transmitter's in range of a satellite.

Terry's MOVING - kids writing in their note books for all they're worth - trying to keep pace with her energy.

TERRY
You're probably wondering how we can keep our messages confidential if anyone with a machine can receive them.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CHILD #1
I was...

Terry smiles at him, pats his head again.

TERRY
Right. Transmissions are sent and received in special computer-created ciphers. Unless you have the cipher key, you can't read the message.

CLOSE ON

the paper and the unintelligible stream of numbers.

TERRY (O.S.)
This is the ciphered message as it's received by the machines.

THE DISPLAY SCREEN

as the abbreviated English flits past.

TERRY (O.S.)
This is the deciphered message so the operator knows what's going on.

NEW ANGLE

As the ceiling suddenly belches MUZAK. There's a pathetically positive response from the OPERATORS. DOREEN, an older operator in matronly garb, sings along.

DOREEN
"These boots are made for walkin' and that's just what they'll do..."

Terry points to the ceiling, doesn't miss a beat.

TERRY
And this message is beamed to us directly from Mr. Connors, our boss...
(checks her watch)
...who, thank god, is later than I am this morning...you see once upon a time everyone in the International Division was so, sooo, sad. Oooo. Then, one day our boss brought in an Employee Psychology Team to make everyone wee-wee happy again! They prescribed ties for the boys, skirts for the little girls and eight hours a day of the Tinker Bell Philharmonic!

Doreen fires-off a burning look, keeps typing.

CONT'D:

CHILD #1
What I don't understand: if these ciphers are created by computers, couldn't I decipher them by feeding them into another computer?

TERRY
No, sweetheart. These ciphers are so complex it's been estimated it would take the most sophisticated computer in the world over a hundred years to crack one.

Whistles of amazement. Even CHILD #1 is impressed.

CHILD #1
How come you know so much about this?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - LATER

On Terry working Poncho's keyboard with the precision of a concert pianist. Terry's a rebellious little snit: even her loud dress is a slap in the face of propriety. But, she's an efficient snit.

ON PONCHO

she's hung her SUN GLASSES on him completing the face begun by the grin. Macabre -- seems to be watching her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jamie walks into frame carrying a FOLDER, wags her head.

JAMIE
Anyone seen that Vansburg account? Connors is screaming for it.

DOREEN
It should be under Belgium.

JAMIE
It's not.

DOREEN
Then it must be lost.

TERRY
Vansburg goes under French files.

JAMIE
Say-what?

Terry rises, goes to a nearby filing cabinet and -- after a brief search -- pulls out a folder.

TERRY
Voila!

RAE'S DESK

Rae's immersed in books. As Terry leaves the tele-com room, she pounces on him, jabbing him in the ribs...just as Carol's entering from the hall.

TERRY
Stickum-up, turkey!

Rae SHOUTS, scared out of his socks.

TERRY
(to Carol, nasal)
Hi, Carol.

She goes off chuckling. Carol turns, frowns at Rae.

CAROL
Rae, you shouldn't be doing your homework while on duty.

INT. CONNORS' OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

Judy's uprooting a filing cabinet. Terry enters.

JUDY
Terry, what's become of that Vansburg file? Mr. Connors is worried sick.

Before Terry can reply, Connors emerges from his office. He's a swollen middle aged troll in a tasteless plaid sport coat and tie. Looks hung-over.

CONNORS
(to Judy)
That account is definitely not in my office.
(spots Terry)
Ah, Ms. Cook, could I see you, please?

He exits. Terry points at the file, shoots Judy the high-sign and follows Connors. Judy smiles, pleased.

RAE (O.S.)
Terry! It's Ted!

HER POV

Rae at his desk, holding up his phone.

ON TERRY

Points at Judy's desk phone as she exits.

TERRY
Tell him I'll get right back, ok?

INT. CONNORS' OFFICE - MORNING

An aluminum cubical filled with synthetic wood furniture and executive knick-knacks. Connors is seated, Terry enters.

CONNORS
Please close the door.

She does, getting nervous.

CONNORS
Ms. Cook, what is the proper phrase for closing a transmission?

TERRY
"End trans."

CONNORS
And how did you close your transmission three nights ago to a Mr. Hanaroki of the Tokyo/Hansu Bank?

TERRY
"Banzai poopsie".

Connors rises, crosses to a boiling pot of water.

CONNORS
Seems you've become famous for your wise-ass remarks over the telecom. That's got to stop.

Connors turns away from her; as he stirs up a Sanka/Creamora mess we can see his hand shaking.

CONNORS
You can't be manager of the International Division and say things like that you know. You have filled out an application?

TERRY
No sir.

CONNORS
(turning)
But you intend to?

TERRY
No. Sir.

CONNORS
(frustrated)
All right, I'll make this really brief: your attendance record is lousy -- you were late again today.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

CONNORS (cont'd)
Your attitude in general seems guided by a philosophy of begrudging indulgence...Terry you're totally lacking in the committment to what I feel is the essence of the work ethic of this organization. Do you know what that is?

Terry scowls at him -- can't stands being "talked to".

CONNORS (cont'd)
Cooperation!

OUTER OFFICE

Terry emerges, seething. Judy sees she's still got the file, knows there's been trouble.

JUDY
Terry, didn't you give Mr. Connors the file?

Terry SLAPS the file down on Judy's desk and EXITS.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - LATER

Terry's at Rae's desk, dialing his phone. Jamie's nearby drinking coffee.

JAMIE
You an' Ted goin' out for a little dancing tonight?

TERRY
We were, however, consistent with the spirit of cooperation, I have volunteered to work the evening transmissions!

She KICKS the desk. Jamie winces.

JAMIE
That's the demons for you, always messin' with your life.

INT. NAUTILUS GYMN - DAY

It's TED BRUER -- twenty-nine, handsome, with light brown hair. He's working out on a bench with a set of barbells. The weights are coated with BLUE VINYL reflecting the current rage to "restyle" the Age of Iron into the Age of Gucci. He's in great shape. An ATTENDANT holds up a phone.

ATTENDANT
Ted Bruer!

INT. TELE-COM ROOM/RAE'S DESK - MORNING

Terry's hanging on the phone, watching something O.S.

HER POV

Carol and Connors talking in the hall. He's carrying coffee, sleeves back, looks tired. They laugh.

AND TERRY

absorbing this. Judy appears, stuffs an envelope into Terry's hand.

JUDY
Fill this application out, girl!

She turns. Before Terry can react, she snaps her attention to the phone. INTERCUTTING: TERRY/TED.

TERRY
Hi, it's me.

Ted immediatley huddles with the phone, creating a little intamacy. He's HAPPY to hear from her.

TED
Hi, babe. I was calling to see who was picking up who tonight.
(listens)
Till nine? You know we have a thing with Robert and Gina at seven?

Terry's irritated -- would rather be with Ted than working.

TERRY
Ted, I'm sorry Why don't you three go onto dinner without me and I'll meet you afterwards for dancing?

TED
It's only two hours: Gina will be late, we'll all need a few drinks...I don't think it'll kill us to wait.

Terry smiles at the little scenario he's created for her benefit. She huddles with her phone.

TERRY
Thanks.

TED
Your boss really getting on your case?

TERRY
Naw, just a couple of night accounts from Europe...Hey! did you get that recommendation from your professor?

(CONTINUED)

Ted clouds over, but tries to make light of it.

TED
We'll talk about it tonight.

TERRY
What happened?

TED
No problem -- later! Ok?

Terry doesn't need to be told. She hangs-up, angry on Ted's behalf.

TELE-COM ROOM

Terry bangs down to Poncho, fires him up. Jamie's silent. Suddenly Doreen's smitten by the Muse of Song again, starts squawking along with the Muzak.

DOREEN
"Eleanor Rigby died in a church and was buried along with her name..."

TERRY
Doreen -- shut the fuck up!

DOREEN
"AHH, LOOK AT ALL THE LONELY PEOPLE, WHERE DO THEY ALL COME FROM!!?"

Terry pulls her sun glasses down from Poncho, slips them on and retreats from the world...an armored unit.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

and TIGHT on the SATELLITE MAP, its bar edging over the tiny colored lights. It's DARKER, in the b.g. we HEAR a single tele-com at work.

NEW ANGLE

Silent machines protrude from the shadows like hulking beasts. Eerie-angled shadows cover the walls.

A DIGITAL WALL CLOCK

says 7:59 in glowing, crimson numbers. It LEAPS to 8:00

ON TERRY

alone, Poncho chugging faithfully away as she keeps back the primal darkness with her transistor radio. She's leaning carelessly back in her chair applying a coat of red nail polish.

ON PONCHO

as he halts - "END TRANS" blinks up in the viewer.

CONT'D:

Terry sets aside her polish and types, twisting her shoulders in time with the Rock & Roll: HANG LOOSE MADRID appears in the viewer. After a pause the reply: SWEET DREAMS WASHINGTON

ANOTHER ANGLE

Terry dances her way to the coffee machine, pours a cup stuffs the sonofabitch with creamora. She takes a long pull at her coffee, lowers the cup, refreshed.

TERRY
Ahhhh...

NEW ANGLE - LATER

Terry and Poncho. Terry's hunched over a paper form hiding it from the world...making tentative stabs at it with a pen.

TERRY
Know what this is? It's an application for manager of the International Division. Yeah, I know, I know...

The decision's tearing her up...tearing at her aloofness, her rebelliousness. Get the feeling that talking to Poncho about her secret inner desires is standard proceedure for Terry. After all, she has defused his threatening ROBOTNESS by dressing him up.

TERRY
Shit. We've got to give it a shot; we've got to give something a shot, Poncho. But don't blame me if I turn into a robot...no offense.
(pause)
Oh, shit, I just don't know...

She SLAMS the pen down.

TERRY
Fuck-it; I'd never get it anyway.

Suddenly Poncho SHUTS DOWN with a thunk.

TERRY
Hello?

She cools the radio, pokes the keyboard...nothing.

TERRY
Poncho?

TIGHT ON TERRY

as she freezes, touched by fear. She shakes off the feeling, hits a switch.

THE VIEWER

as "POWER ON" pops up.

TERRY (O.S.)
You've got juice - c'mon, I want to get out of here tonight.

NEW ANGLE

Terry gives the machine a good WHACK and jumps as it slugs into action renewing its methodic production of paper. Terry wags her head, takes a fortifying gulp of coffee and types: ZURICH - TRANS INTRD POST LOGIC IDIOM...she glances down at the paper copy, types: 273636 - PLS RPT.

TERRY
Yeah, "please repeat".

In a few seconds the machine starts thudding away again. She gives Poncho a foul look, goes back to her nails. Poncho shuts down again. Silence as the two face-off. She SLAMS the keyboard with her fist.

TERRY
PRICK!

PONCHO

suddenly VOMITS a swath of paper, lashing out for her like a gigantic tongue. Terry screams, spills her coffee as she flies out of her seat. Poncho's going BERSERK - spewing paper faster than the collector can catch it. Thing seems possessed.

ON TERRY

gathering her courage...she sneaks up on the mad machine.

TIGHT ON

the paper - pumping out numbers as fast as it can possibly type them.

ON TERRY

biting her lip...searching her brain for a solution. She looks UPWARD.

THE VIEWER

Blank. Not deciphering the numbers.

ON A BUTTON

labeled "DECIPHER" as her fist thumps it down.

AND THE VIEWER

empty static...

NEW ANGLE

as Terry backs-off.

TERRY
STOP IT!

She's scared, confused -- first time we've seen her lose her cool. Suddenly Poncho PAUSES. She returns, bends cautiously over the paper. She JUMPS as Poncho clacks threateningly.

ON THE PAPER

It triple spaces, lays down a neat line of digits, spaces again. Then, in PLAIN ENGLISH types: "JUMPING JACK FLASH". It shuts down.

ON TERRY

leaning over the transmission in utter amazement. She tears the paper from the roller, looks closer...puzzled. Her puzzlement becomes irritation.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT - NIGHT

Ted and Terry running wild on the dance floor, speakers woofing out a deafening beat. The Thirteenth Amendment's a social black hole -- dark, labyrinthine...somewhere on the evolutionary trail between Disco and New Wave. There's a live BAND looking tough.

CLOSER ON TERRY

She's looking great: an explosion of vital energy, lips and nails rebelliously RED, sun glasses in place. As the music winds down Terry wilts against Ted, grinding her body into his, Ted receiving her frank sexual adulation with a smile.

NEW ANGLE

Snuggled at a corner table are ROBERT and GINA. Robert's blond with a square-faced Aryan arrogance. Gina's a red-haired angel in a flashy, peekaboo outfit. Terry and Ted drop into their seats, Terry shedding sparks of sweat. As they talk a joint is passed around on the sly just beneath the table lip.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

They're close friends, with an aggressive, "on your toes" rapport...always scrapping, always prodding, always in fun. A tough young group.

ROBERT
(greeting them)
Great! Pagans; really degrading!

GINA
Terry, you're gorgeous. She's beautiful tonight, isn't she?

TED
(to Gina)
Yeah? What did she look like last night?

GINA
That's not what I meant, shithead.

TED
As we all know, Gina never really means what she says.

TERRY
Will you leave my friends alone? God...

Laughter...the joint goes to Gina.

GINA
(to Ted)
Yeah, stop picking on me.

TED
Now you must know that everything that comes out of your sweet mouth goes around packing a nasty little double-meaning.

GINA
(to Terry)
Are you really going to marry this asshole?

ROBERT
Wait now, Ted's actually got a good point there.

TERRY
Christ -- what do you get when you put a student lawyer and a student psychiatrist together?

GINA/TERRY
Two assholes!

CONT'D:

Robert and Ted swap mock shrugs if INDULENCE. The joint goes from Gina to Terry.

GINA
(to Terry)
No-way in hell the authorities are ever going to let you two maniacs form a legal union; think of the monsters you'd spawn!

Terry gives Ted a hug.

TERRY
They'd be fucking geniuses.

TED
(messing her hair)
And just a little nuts!

They kiss, Ted waves-off the joint, takes a drink.

TED
Anyway, the "authorities" are doing their best to make it tough now.

ROBERT
What? You mean the general, dis-interested cosmic friction?

TED
No, I mean a very specific, uncosmic shithead.

TERRY
Ted's tax professor refused to give him a recommendation for a good position as a part-time law clerk.

ROBERT
But you're at the top of the class!

GINA
I thought you said your tax professor was a genius?

TED
(dark laughter)
A genius-shithead. Three years ago you could take his class and know the primary goal of the entire exercise was learning. Now he wants you down on your knees crawling up to him like he was a fucking idol.

Terry puts her arms around him, very loving, touching.

CONT'D:

TERRY
We've been through worse, right?

Ted smiles back -- it's a moment of mutual appreciation. of reaffirmation. He kisses her, wipes sweat from her face.

TED
Did I ever tell you how beautiful you are, dripping wet?

They really kiss. Robert and Gina smile. Ted and Terry break, Ted turns back to the group.

TED
(feigning sorrow)
And it doesn't matter anyway, because I found out today...that we don't exist.

ROBERT
(getting in to it)
Physiologically or philosophically?

TED
Legally.

GINA
(rising)
That's it! You two have four days in a duck blind ahead of you, so save it. I've got to be up by six for a shoot!

ROBERT
You had to be a model, you couldn't be a simple secretary like Terry.

Terry winces at that "simple secretary" label.

EXT. D.C. STREET - NIGHT

The street's WIDE-AWAKE, music flooding out from bars, lots of hip young PUNKERS, COLLEGE KIDS, PREPPIES...all the "bright young lights". The night's their turf. Robert and Ted are harassing a SCIENTOLOGIST outside his store front. A young, JR. EXECUTIVE is with them, DRUNK.

ROBERT
(mid-stroke)
...yeah, but you're a Scientologist, you're compelled to go after his soul...

GINA AND TERRY

are back a bit. Terry's half listening to the guys, lost in thought. Gina examines her nails; shoots the boys a tired look.

CONT'D:

GINA
Can't take those two anywhere...
(to Terry)
You falling asleep on me?

Terry looks up at Gina, still thinking.

TERRY
Gina, something weird happened at work tonight.

GINA
What?

TERRY
I got a very strange transmission. Like it was sent to the bank because it came in on my frequency, but Poncho couldn't decipher it.

GINA
Who's Poncho?

JR. EXEC. (O.S.)
Well goddamn know-it-all, mind your own business!

FULL ANGLE

The Jr. Executive is blowing his cork, Robert and Ted look on. Robert's like a kid teasing a dumb animal to distraction.

JR. EXEC.
Do you even know what I'm talking about? I'm chained in that office, man -- chained, locked-up and left to die! I get home at night and I ask myself "What the hell am I living for?" Zero, man! ZERO!!

Ted backs-off, a bit alarmed at the explosion. Terry moves into t he shelter of his arm, horrified.

ROBERT
Well, if you think these poeple care...

JR. EXEC.
Mind your own business! I think they can help me -- what do <u>you</u> care!!?

They move off, laughing. Except for Terry. She hugs her collar up around her neck, scared. She looks back at the guy.

ROBERT
(to Ted)
Oh yeah, so tell me: how come we don't exist?

INT. TED'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted and Terry naked in bed, sunk in the shadows. Terry's gently stroking his powerful arm; they've just made love.

TERRY
Hi.

TED
Hello.

TERRY
Can I talk to you?

TED
(surprised)
Be my guest.

TERRY
You won't get upset?

TED
What is it, babe?

TERRY
(after a pause)
Remember what I was like when we first met in college?

TED
(laughs)
You were great.

TERRY
I wasn't great. I was an insecure mess.

Terry takes a moment to look at her lover, to think.

TERRY (cont'd)
I love you Ted, because you really care about people. You helped me.

TED
You helped yourself.

TERRY
No, you helped me.

TED
(chuckles)
Ok, I love you too. So?

TERRY
I took your help because I needed it.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TED
And..?

TERRY
For instance: If you'd let me help you, you wouldn't need a job now. It's ridiculous for us to be living apart; it's too expensive.

TED
No...

TERRY
(determined)
For instance: I make more money than I need now, and you have to stay in school...

TED
Listen: I am not living in your apartment, I am not living on your money.

TERRY
Then go back to your professor and make him change his mind.

TED
(suddenly riled)
Forget it! I am not going to kiss his ass! I got straight A's in that course -- that's it! I'm not going to say "yessir", "no sir", "you're wonderful sir", if he isn't. Is that what you want me to do?

TERRY
I don't want to lose you!

TED
(hard)
I don't want to lose me, either.

Stand-off; Terry's frustration's growing.

TED (cont'd)
Who we are as individuals is what's really important. You saw it tonight: Some gork blowing his circuits all over the street because his life's turned out to be a heap of shit! Do you want to end up like that?

TERRY
(softly)
I worry about us.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TED
Well don't. I'll keep my job at the gymn, get my degree, pass the bar and we'll get the hell out of here.

TERRY
But Ted, where are we going?

TED
I don't know, yet. Back to Boston ...Maine; there's plenty of places. You want to stay in this fucking town?

Terry slides out of bed, crosses to the window.

TERRY
That's not what I meant.

She presses her forehead against the cool glass.

TERRY
How...would you feel about me working after we're married?

TED
...why not?

TERRY
At the bank, I mean.

TED
You've got to be kidding?

Terry turns into the room, starts dressing.

TED
What are you doing?

TERRY
Judy's car-pooling tomorrow, I want to be at my place so I won't be late.

She finishes dressing in silence, glancing once at Ted. He rises, surrounds her in his huge embrace.

TED
Babe, what's going on?

TERRY
What we're talking about is important -- it's about <u>us</u>. I'm <u>me</u>, Terry; I'm not one of "<u>them</u>". Is it asking you to "kiss ass" if it's helping us?

CONT'D:

TED
(after a pause)
I'm picking you up tomorrow, right?

Terry starts to speak, doesn't. He's avoiding the question.

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Featuring Terry's Z-car parked at the curb. She descends the front steps, gloomy. Looks UP.

HER POV

the light in Ted's apartment goes OUT.

AND TERRY

getting really pissed.

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted's eyes jerk open at the SOUND of Terry's Z SCREECHING out from the curb...we can hear it as it fades into the distance EEKING rubber as she speed-shifts angrily through the gears...we hear her HORN, silence. Ted's THINKING.

INT. BANK TELE-COM ROOM - MORNING

Terry, sun glasses, Poncho. She peeks DOWN beneath her glasses.

HER POV

TIGHT ON her waste basket and the strange transmission, the word "JACK" peeking back accusingly.

ANGLE UP

as Terry frowns, looks away...looks down again.

INT. CRYPTACOM INC. - MORNING

A brightly colored office cut into cubical environs. A big surfing poster dominates the room: sun, sea, freedom. A SECRETARY answers her phone.

SECRETARY
Good morning, Cryptacom Service,
Donna speaking.

INTERCUTTING: DONNA/TERRY AT RAE'S DESK

TERRY
I'd like to get a service rep out to
the Montgomery/Staton Bank this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Terry's got the strange transmission in hand, she glances at it.

TERRY
(continuing)
Well, I had some transmission problems last night. Yeah, I'll hold.

Judy crosses and Terry waves her over. She looks left, right, whips the application envelope from her purse, hands it to Judy. Judy beams, walks OFF smiling.

TERRY
(to phone)
Yes?

DONNA
Roberta Laron's your service rep. and I'm afraid she's booked until Tuesday. However if this is an emergency...

TERRY
No...no sweat. I'll call Monday.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM

as Terry sits down, thinks a second. She folds the transmission into her purse, turns Poncho on and gets ready to start typing.

VOICE
Excuse me, Ms. Cook?

NEW ANGLE

it's a tall pleasant looking BLACKMAN in a snappy grey suit and a warm smile.

BLACKMAN
Hi. I'm your service representative from Cryptacom. We make your tele-coms?

Terry's speechless.

BLACKMAN
The gentleman up front said you were on late last night.

Terry turns a panicked look OFF toward Rae.

HER POV

Rae's paging through a book, unconcerned.

RESUME TWO SHOT

BLACKMAN
Around eight or so?

TERRY
Yeah, Spain and Switzerland.

BLACKMAN
So, this is Poncho.
(chuckles)
You didn't have any problems with Poncho last night? Anything at all?

TERRY
No...nothing.

BLACKMAN
(to Poncho)
What d'ya say, buddy -- she bein' straight with me?

ON PONCHO

staring back blankly through Terry's dark glasses.

FULL ANGLE

As Blackman straightens, his smile levels.

BLACKMAN
Nothing at all, you're sure?

TERRY
Nothing. I'm sure.

BLACKMAN
That's what we like to hear. Have a great day, now.

TELE-COM ROOM - DAY

and TIGHT ON a CRYPTACOM BUSINESS CARD.

RAE (O.S.)
See, no name on it.

FULL ANGLE

Terry's at Rae's desk, phone in one hand, card in the other. Puzzled. She responds to the phone.

CRYPTACOM INC. - DAY

DONNA
I'm sorry, we absolutely did not dispatch a service representative.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

DONNA (cont'd)
We never do unless one is requested. If you're having trouble, please consult your manual.

TELE-COM ROOM - DAY

Terry hangs-up, starts to speak but Rae's buried in a book with a handmade jacket showing a little-known photo of Einstien razzing out his tongue. It says "PHYSICS" across the top. She cracks-up. Looks OFF.

HER POV

Poncho and her purse.

AND TERRY

more puzzled.

EXT. MONTGOMERY/STATON BANK - CLOSING

Terry, Jamie and a couple dozen workers spill into the street. Terry spots Ted's MUSTANG, wraps her coat against the wind and starts to cross the street.

DOREEN
Have a nice night, Terry!

Terry turns, waves. She turns back to find a VW RABBIT has stopped to let her pass.

ON THE RABBIT

a pair of THICK GLASSES pinned on her.

NEW ANGLE

featuring Terry, frozen in place. Ted starts WAVING.

TED
C'mon, let's go!

Terry refuses to step in front of the Rabbit. There's a horn and the VW sprints OFF. Terry watching it go.

INT. THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT - NIGHT

Gina and Ted dancing to an outrageous howl of rock & roll.

ROBERT & TERRY

are sitting it out, eyes jealously following the action.

ROBERT
You two fighting again, eh?

CONT'D:

Robert's nursing his frustration with cigarettes, Terry with booze. Her eyes stray to the side.

HER POV

a tall, handsome MAN in his mid-twenties smiles across to her from his table. He's alone, drinking slowly; seems very interested.

NEW ANGLE

Terry yanks her eyes away, takes a LONG pull at her drink.

VOICE (O.S.)
Wanna dance?

FULL ANGLE

Terry looks up into the face of YOUNG STRANGER. He's even more handsome at close range. He smiles. She smiles...

D.J. (O.S.)
Oooo-lady! Shake that machinery!

IT'S GINA

letting it all hang-out on the dance floor, Ted's eyes dancing over her fabulous bod with a predator aggression.

D.J.
Whoow! Don't I wish I was takin' that home tonight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the music shifts gear Gina and Ted make for the table. They suddenly notice a very drunk Terry dancing with a handsome stranger.

D.J.
C'mon kiddies, let's see some action -- let's get our juices flowin' at the Thirteenth Amendment! SHAKE IT!

Terry and Stranger clear out a territory on the floor.

STRANGER
What do you do!?

TERRY
(proud/drunk)
I'm a tele-communications operator in the International Division of the Montgomery/Staton Bank!

CONT'D:

STRANGER
Wow, that's nuts! I wanna hear all about it!

TED & CO.

watching the floor, Ted swallowing his jealousy.

GINA
Guy doesn't waste any time.

THEIR POV

as the Stranger dances closer and closer to Terry.

ROBERT (O.S.)
She's pretty loaded, Ted.

ON TED

maintaining his "could-give-a-shit" attitude to the end.

TED
She'll be all right.

NEW ANGLE

as Terry stands patiently beside a pillar while Stranger heads for the bar. Terry turns OUR WAY.

ON TED

looking askance.

TED
(to Robert)
So, what time do you want to break out of the city tomorrow?

ON STRANGER

as he fights his way back, drinks held on high.

TIME CUT TO:

TED

pulling diligently on a drink, really watching Terry and stranger.

ROBERT
Don't you think it's about time to call it a night?

THEIR POV

Terry's wilting over the table, head bobbing drunkenly toward Stranger. He seems to be TALKING rapidly to her.

CONT'D:

GINA (O.S.)
Really, Ted.

Suddenly Terry and Stranger rise, she leaning against him as he leads her - quickly - toward the exit.

NEW ANGLE

on them watching, Ted still not moving.

GINA
Ted, don't be an asshole!

Ted bounces up in pursuit, shoving through the crowd as Gina and Robert gather up everyone's things.

D.J.
Aw-right -- get it on for the Thir-teenth Amendment, the place where you can be free, free to express yourself, be what you want - smash that mold of hum-drum sameness and become a free breathing INDIVIDUAL!

EXT. THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT - NIGHT

as Stranger is helping -- shoving -- Terry into a waiting car. Ted jogs up to the rescue.

TED
That's far enough, sonny.

Stranger turns on him, surprisingly defensive, VERY interested in keeping Terry.

STRANGER
Fuck-off, friend, the lady wants to come with me.

Ted GRABS him, shoving him against the car. Suddenly Robert appears, trying to hold Ted back.

ROBERT
Jesus Christ, man!

Stranger immediately drops his resistance and Ted hauls Terry out of the car.

INT./EXT. MUSTANG - LATER

Ted's pissed, banging through the gears of his late model Mustang like an Indy racer, stuffing it deep in the corners.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TED
What the hell were you trying to do!? Just running off to screw some strange cock!?

Terry's buzzed out of her mind, flopping to and fro as the Mustang whips in and out of traffic; she clings to the door handle for dear life.

TERRY
Ted, there's something wrong with me.

Ted drifts through a tight corner and Terry falls into his lap like a Raggedy Ann. The wheel slips through Ted's fingers.

AND THE MUSTANG

squeals sideways like a berserk bull, barely clearing a blockading line of traffic; it straightens out and flies past in a driveby.

TED

HEAVES Terry aside and she crashes limply against the door -- the heave was about six times harder than necessary.

TED
You crazy! You're not that goddamn drunk!

ON TERRY

as she struggles to right herself, blinking, mouth moving as she gulps for breath.

TERRY
Ted, I feel strange.

Ted looks at her REALLY looks at her, for the first time. She does look a little WEIRD.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ted snaps on the light and half carries her in. We get a fleeting glimpse of a very busy apartment - knickknacks plants, framed photos. Tidy.

TERRY'S BEDROOM

Another light comes up and Ted dumps her onto the bed. He flops back in a chair, exhausted. Terry rolls onto her back, suddenly giggling - totally alert.

CONT'D:

TED
(impatient)
What?

She looks up at the darkened ceiling.

TERRY
Incredible!

TED
WHAT!?

TERRY
I was dreaming. But...everything was so clear!

TED
Oh, Jesus...

Ted rises, starts throwing off his clothes. Terry still has that faraway look in her eyes. Suddenly she sits up, staring off as if seeing an image.

TERRY
My mind is so lucid tonight. Things are coming into my head, little pictures and things of places I've been and things I've seen. Everything is so CLEAR...my memory.

Ted flops down beside her in the bed.

TED
Your what?

TERRY
My memory is so sharp!

ON TED

peeking up at her, wondering what's going on.

TED
Memory of what?

NEW ANGLE

Terry flips on a bright bedside lamp; she's amazed by what's happening to her.

TERRY
Of everything. I can recall with perfect clarity anything I want.

Ted scoffs, wants to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TERRY
It's true, Ted, my mind is so... transparent.

TED
Yeah? What's my number at work, the one you can never remember?

TERRY
224-4148. Ask me another!

TED
(curious)
What's my mother's birthday?

TERRY
June 11th.

TED
Not bad.

TERRY
I swear my mind is totally completely open! I can remember EVERYTHING! My whole head feels like it's crystal!

TED
Amazing, can we go to sleep, now?

TERRY
No! Ask me some things.

Ted's weary, tired of the game. He pokes through her purse...gets an evil light in his eye.

TED
Right. What's your Master Charge card number?

TERRY
57...

TED
Hold on...

He pulls out the card, lines it up with his eyes.

TED
Ok, do your thing.

TERRY
5707 710 2115737 9.

As she speaks, Ted's know-it-all smile wilts.

CONT'D:

His head turrets up from the card to Terry. Obviously she got it right. He's beginning to take this seriously. Suddenly her mood clouds over.

TERRY
I didn't want to go with that man, honest Teddy, he was taking me -- honest, honest. I'm so honest with you,Teddy. But I'm scared.

TED
Of what?

TERRY
(looking inside)
I don't know what I want. I don't know what to do and I'm SCARED!
(revelation)
Is that why you love me?

Ted squints, apparently hasn't any idea what the hell she's talking about. Terry DIVES at him, squeezing him desperately.

TERRY
I love you!

He hugs her, shaking his head in disbelief.

TED
Terry. Terry?

He pulls free and she slumps down.

TED
You asleep?

TERRY
(robotically)
Yes.

Ted smiles, slides her to her side of the bed.

TED
(rhetorically)
Hell did you have to drink tonight?

TERRY
Two glasses of water, a coke, four cups of coffee, a glass of milk, four gin and tonics and a Brandy Alexander.

Ted lays her down, wags his head at her total recall routine. Tucks her in.

TED
Go to sleep.

CONT'D:

TERRY
I am asleep.

Ted eyes her closely, she seems to be slumbering.

TERRY
4,7...

TED
Whaa?

She starts talking in numbers, slowly, then accelerating to a RAPID-FIRE pace.

TERRY
7, 5, 7...58527959-5787-855575-
7357-575-058575279-222-8928482
8987525972-9252282255822-24278-
72-28429758753-28557-3-75373350
7395845-753-35895-93-57874237-2
848-4272972505-52755752-58499385
(pause)
45-57-38-85-82-84-25-94-39-47...
(pause)
"JUMPING JACK FLASH"...see, I told
you I'd remember.

Silence. Ted just stares.

TERRY
(starting again)
49752-505282-58282582-89282-898
53958-58958-502525828-280802-548

TED
Terry!

TERRY
8-8538358395-538505...

He gives her a hard shake.

TED
TERRY!!

She bursts awake, screaming.

TED
Jesus Christ Terry, you'll wake
the whole neighborhood.

He pulls her close and she slowly calms.

TERRY
What happened?

CONT'D:

TED
You were crazy - out of your head. You were talking in numbers.

TERRY
Numbers?

TED
You got it, I think your job's giving you mental-meltdown.

TERRY
I remember, that guy at the Amendment kept asking me something.

TED
I'll bet.

TERRY
(forging on)
What else did I say?

TED
Well, you said "JUMPING JACK FLASH" if you can believe that.

ON TERRY

suddenly seeing.

TERRY
Oh my God, that's what he kept asking me.

EXT. BANK - MORNING

Terry's RAPPING on the glass door. Finally Rae appears to unlock it.

RAE
Christ, it's six-thirty!

She rushes past, flings off a reply.

TERRY
Gotta clean up some left-over work...

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - LATER

and TIGHT on Terry's eyes floating above and open book: "CRYPTACOM MKII OPERATORS MANUAL". She's reading.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TERRY
"...messages arriving with numbered suffix may contain their own cipher; one which may be combined with the line cipher to produce a unique cipher. This "combining" effect is the most secure method of transmission when the integrity of the line cipher is in doubt. Simply enter the ciphered message's suffix with your standard line cipher, set the delineation switch to combination..."

NEW ANGLE

Terry's hand pawing over Poncho, searching.

TERRY
I don't see any switch...

Her hands tear-up a FASHION MODEL revealing a dial. She switches it to "COMBINATION".

NEW ANGLE

Terry typing numbers into Poncho using the mysterious cipher for her guide. She finishes, pauses. Looks Poncho straight in the eye.

TERRY
Ok, Poncho, let's see what's on this thing.

ON THE DECIPHER BUTTON

as Terry's fist slams it down.

TERRY

sweeps her head up to:

THE SCREEN

"HELP ME" flashes out in huge luminous letters.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Hey! Look who's here!

NEW ANGLE

as Terry whips around killing the power button in a reflex action. Suddenly everyone starts pouring into the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

JAMIE
Stopped by to car-pool you in...
(to others)
Hey, Terry beat us in this morning.

DOREEN
That's nice.

ON TERRY

folding the mysterious transmission into her purse, she swaps a "confindential" look with Poncho.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

and TIGHT ON Poncho's screen: HELP ME - HAVE MESSAGE - RPT - HAVE MESSAGE BRITISH EMBASSY DEPT.C. NEED EXIT - RPT - ...

TERRY

reads back the balance of the message aloud.

TERRY
"Repeat - need exit. Am receiving your frequency - eight PM Eastern Standard Time - JUMPING JACK FLASH."

She eases thoughtfully back, rises.

WORLD MAP

with her hands Terry clumsily estimates the position of a communications satellite for eight o'clock. She drops off tip-toes.

TERRY
Europe...somewhere.

A BUZZER SOUNDS from Jamie's machine. Terry hops into the seat of Jamie's tele-com obviously set up for the night's work, leaving Poncho free. She eye-balls the wall clock. 7:58

TERRY & PONCHO

getting set. She looks up...the digital clock leaps to 8:00. Terry takes a deep breath and starts typing, talking her message aloud.

TERRY
Jumping Jack Flash, have your message...who are you?

She barely has time to take a breath when the machine leaps to life.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

INTERCUTTING: TERRY/SCREEN

SCREEN
HELLO - WHO ARE YOU?

Terry looks at the damn thing in amazement.

SCREEN
WHO ARE YOU?

She snaps out of her shock, hits the keys.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Name Terry -- tele-com operator Montgomery/Staton Bank, Washington D.C.

TERRY/SCREEN
"Terry, must follow my instructions: Destroy paper copies of transmission - repeat - destroy. Give my cipher to no one. Take this message British Embassy Dept. C : need exit, not blown. Repeat - need exit. Tell no one, Trust no one.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
What this about? Who are you?

TERRY/SCREEN
Terry - do as I ask and I will not bother you again. Jack.

Terry gawks...immediately types again.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
What is this - who are you?

ON THE SCREEN

empty static...

THE WORLD MAP

and the satellite bar passing over Europe.

AND TERRY

settling back in her seat, stunned.

INT. TANNING BOOTH - LATER

Gina standing in the ultraviolet closet naked except for a pair of DARK GOGGLES. Arms up, head back. There's a small opening in the wall toward the rear.

NEW ANGLE

Terry's leaning against the OUTSIDE of the booth, looking away from the window, talking to Gina.

TERRY
Gina, I think I may be in some trouble.

GINA (O.S.)
Huh?

TERRY
Remember that guy who tried to pick me up last night? I mean what happened, from your point of view?

INTERCUTTING: TERRY/GINA

GINA
Ted and I were dancing and you got jealous and danced with this strange guy. Terry: Ted wasn't coming on to me, I'd never try to horn in on a friend's relationship, believe me.

TERRY
Forget it - what about this guy? Tell me something!

GINA
Tell you what? You're the one who danced with him.

TERRY
Gina...I don't remember a thing after I sat down with him - nothing. Did you hear anything he said?

There's a long pause. Gina looks toward the window.

GINA
You all right?

TERRY
Gina, that guy put something in my drink - a truth drug or something. Then yesterday a guy came in pretending he was a service rep. from Cryptacom!

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

GINA
(laughing)
"Truth Drug", what, a double burbon?

Terry turns to look into the booth, shies away from the powerful lamps...back to leaning on the wall.

TERRY
He put something in my drink. Gina, I wasn't that drunk.

GINA
I didn't think so.

Terry wags her head - Gina's no help. She rubs her temple.

GINA (O.S.)
What did he say?

TERRY
I don't remember.

GINA
Boring huh. Well, pretty face - empty head.

Terry just shakes her head - Gina turns over her arms to toast the undersides.

GINA
Listen, we've got to raise some hell while the boys are off murdering ducks.

TERRY
I can't - I've got a super headache.

GINA
Tomorrow night's "New Wave Night" at the Amendment; it'll be great! More your type of crowd!

Terry takes her sun glasses from her purse, leans in at the opening. They're GOGGLE to GLASSES.

TERRY
(one last try)
Gina...forget it.

GINA
Give me a call tomorrow -- hear me? Do it!

INT./EXT. 240Z

Terry wheeling along, scouring the dark with nervous glances, watching the mirror. The radio's playing LOUDLY. She rubs her head, turns it down.

RADIO
(rapid-fire)
...we're gonna make you feel so good right here on the BAD side of mid-night - so get ready to go wild, go nuts - GO COMPLETELY CRAZY!

Terry's eyes widen - headlights are following her. She turns...still there. She picks up the pace, getting RATTLED.

NEW ANGLE

finally she PULLS OVER outside her apartment. The other car zooms past; too dark for details. Terry dismounts. Suddenly the car's BRAKE LIGHTS flash ON, OFF and it continues away.

Terry dashes up the steps to her apartment building.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT

She's on the couch holding the phone. We HEAR the sounds of SHOUTING, MUSIC O.S. Terry checks her pad.

TERRY
Yes, is this the Wilmington Lodge?
(apparently)
I want to speak with a guest - Ted Bruer from D.C.

There's a CRACK as someone drops the other end - more LOUD music, screams. She puts the phone back to her ear.

TERRY
(disappointed)
I see. Tell him Terry called - TERRY. Please have him call me when he gets off the swamp; it's an emergency. Yes.

She hangs-up. Silence. She rises, heads for the kitchen.

KITCHEN

She takes an aspirin, swallows it with a glass of water...rubs her temples.

LIVING ROOM

Terry settles into a chair...thinking.

TERRY
Damn-it!

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - NEXT MORNING

Busy place. Lots of visas getting stamped, smiling employees spreading cheerful humor about like thick gobs of English treacle.

NEW ANGLE

as a middle-aged totally ENGLISH GENTLEMAN in a dark suit chats with a CLERK at the foot of the stairs. The clerk whispers, shrugs and points indifferently our way.

OPPOSITE IS TERRY

checking the place out. Can tell she's intimidated by the setting; trying not to let it show. She reacts with a polite smile as the gentleman approaches.

GENTLEMAN
Good morning.
(Cheshire grin)
Awfully early in the day for un-answerable questions - generally don't start getting those till 'round two.
(they shake)
Jerome Talbot.

Terry assesses him with her usual cautious eye.

TERRY
Terry Cook; pleased.

Talbot motions toward a small couch out of the bustle.

ON THE PAIR

just opening negotiations.

TALBOT
(still grinning)
Now, what'll it be at...
(checks his watch)
Nine forty-three in the morning?

TERRY
I want to see someone in department "C".

TALBOT
So the clerk said. I'm afraid there is no such section in this embassy.

Terry's jolted by this, tries not to show it.

TALBOT
(continuing)
What exactly did you want to see this "someone" about, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TERRY
(hesitant)
You're going to think I'm totally whack-o...it's really crazy.

She looks up at Talbot, about to spill the story...does she detect a glimmer of anticipation in his eyes?

TERRY
I can't tell anyone unless they're from department "C".

TALBOT
Well, perhaps if you told me what it is this mythical department does, I could steer you in the right direction.
(no response)
I could try.

Terry obviously feels like an ass, also doesn't feel well.

TERRY
I...don't know what department "C" does...is there a ladies room here? Sorry, I must be getting something.

TALBOT
(points)
Right over there.

LADIES ROOM

Terry at the sink, spashing water on her face. She wipes it off, blinks dazedly at her reflection. Then she takes out a bottle of aspirin, swallows two.

She leans against the sink, lowers her head...looks up at her own image. Does not feel well.

NEW ANGLE

as Terry emerges from the ladies room, pauses.

ON TALBOT

he's been joined on the couch by TWO MEN; they're gabbing away.

AND TERRY

decides it's nothing, walks back. The men rise as she returns. She eyeballs the newcomers cautiously.

TALBOT
Feeling better?

Terry smiles, nods.

TALBOT
Ms. Cook, this is Mr. Bartlet, and this, Mr, Cruthers. Please...

They all sit, Terry facing them expecting.

TALBOT
Now let's see...ah yes, the elusive department "C". 'Fraid I can't help if you can't tell me what to help with.

He shrugs. It's Terry's move; gets the sure feeling she's being put-off and tries one more shot.

TERRY
Who is Jumping Jack Flash?

Dead silence. Bartlet and Cruthers swap question marks.

ON TALBOT

showing the slightest twitch in the corner of his eye...otherwise a complete zero.

AND TERRY

boring a hole through his brain with her eyes.

ON THE PAIR

facing off.

TALBOT
That's the name of a Rolling Stones tune, isn't it?

Terry cocks her head, lets out a little laugh.

TERRY
You're right, that's exactly what it is.

LOBBY DOOR

as Talbot sees Terry to the street.

TALBOT
Again, I'm terribly sorry that I couldn't be of more help.

They pause on the threshold, Talbot holds open the door.

TALBOT
Good day...was that Miss or Mrs. Cook?

CONT'D

TERRY
Miss...

She steps outside, holds - gives the sonofabitch a piercing look.

TERRY
Mr. Talbot, what's the name of another Rolling Stones hit?

TALBOT
I beg your pardon?

TERRY
What's another hit-song by the Rolling Stones?

TALBOT
I...uh...'fraid I'm not a connoisseur.

He smiles, closes the door.

INT. CONNORS'S OUTER OFFICE

In the distance we SEE the gang - Doreen, Jamie, Rae et al, sharing the usual fleshless workers' friendship over coffee. CAROL'S in the spot light, mouth flexing like some well-oiled machine. Judy's on her phone in the f.g.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION: JUDY/TERRY IN HER APARTMENT

JUDY
You-know-who told Connors you're out.
(listens)
No, he wasn't upset at all...
Tell you the truth, he's had his mind on other things. Terry, I'm so worried about him; his wife's just left him.

TERRY
What took her so long...sorry, what happened?

JUDY
Open your eyes, the man works like a slave. She told him take more time off or else.

TERRY
Hmm. Listen, I'll be in tomorrow and I'd like to work the evening transmissions...there are some, I hope? Ok, it'll look good, so if you could kind of let him know?
(perks)
Hello Mr. Connors, yessir back tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

ON CONNORS

CONNORS
(on Judy's phone)
Fine. Glad to have you volunteering for a change. Oh, I've got your application.

TERRY
(listens, then:)
Yes. Great. I definitely feel better.

She hangs-up.

KITCHEN

Terry gobbles some more aspirin and water, pulling at her aching temples.

TERRY
Christ I play sick when I'm well, now I'm playing well when I'm sick. Something ain't right here.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Place is DARK, a jungle of shadows. Terry's sprawled on the couch, THERMOMETER dangling from her mouth like a cigarette, THE DEAD KENNEDYS rock group shouting at her from the stereo.

She wearily rises, checks her temp. From her puzzled look we gather it's normal. She kills the record. Doesn't look very good.

TERRY
Not tonight, gang.

The phone RINGS. She grabs it, more to stop the ringing than to answer it. She YANKS the phone away from her ear as the shriek of ROCK & ROLL explodes into the room

TED (O.S.)
Terry!? What's up? You called me!?

She sits, wincing, but excited and happy it's Ted.

TERRY
Ted! You've got to come home!

TED (O.S.)
What!?

TERRY
Something's happening - I need you.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

TED (O.S.)
What? What's happening?

TERRY
I can't talk about it over the phone. Please come home?

TED (O.S.)
(after a pause)
Jesus Christ, you're serious?

TERRY
Ted, something's happening to me. You remember that guy who tried to pick me up at the Amendment?

TED (O.S.)
Is that what this call's about? Is that what's bothering you?

TERRY
Yes! No! Not in that way! Ted, please come home?

TED (O.S.)
(on edge)
Terry; we've got a lot of cleaning up here - our boat sank in the marsh - Jesus...

TERRY
Please?

TED (O.S.)
All right, all right. We'll be back as soon as possible - ok? I can't talk now, ok?

TERRY
Ok. Thank you...bye.

There's a CLICK as Ted disconnects. Terry shakes her head, about to hang-up when she DOUBLES-UP in PAIN, dropping the receiver on the desktop. She grabs at her temples and lets out an agonizing yell. She snaps upright as if released from a giant's grip.

TERRY
OWW-GOD!

There's a tiny, deep-throated LAUGH O.S.

ON THE PHONE

we HEAR what sounds like an exchange of words, then a hang-up CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

leaps up, backing off. She stares at the phone, can't believe she heard it...for a second doubting her own ears. Then she REACTS: She SLAMS the receiver down and runs OFF.

BEDROOM

Terry enters slamming the door behind. She catches herself, leans back-against the door bringing herself back under control...she crosses directly to her bed and -- still fully-clothed -- crawls under the covers.

TERRY IN BED - LATER

She's reading. She peeks up over the top of her paperback, scanning the room with a paranoid precision.

HER POV

Windows...closets...the door...shadows.

CLOSER

on Terry, eyes darting through the book. There's a "clicking" O.S. Her eyes FLASH up.

HER POV

In the dark, beneath a shelf, is a steam RADIATOR. It clicks again. The area is steeped in shadow.

RESUME TERRY

still checking out the corner. She looks down, up.

AND THE RADIATOR

hiding in the darkness. It clicks.

CLOSER STILL

on Terry, eyes getting heavy with sleep. There's a click from O.S. Her eyes open. She slowly looks up.

HER POV

There, about six inches from our noses, staring right back into our faces, is a five hundred pound COCKROACH.

ON TERRY

SCREAMING!! She stands on the bed, back against the wall. Breathing hard, she calms.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

THE CORNER

it's just a radiator and shadows again.

NEW ANGLE

trembling, Terry lowers herself into bed...squints against PAIN, rubs her temples...quickly looks up again.

AND THE RADIATOR

behaving itself.

AND TERRY

she laughs nervously. Slides quickly down beneath the sheets, rolls over and shuts off the light.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

and TIGHT on Poncho's face/screen as Terry types/talks:

SCREEN
JUMPING JACK FLASH - BRIT EMBASSY
SAYS NO DEPT. C - TERRY.

ON TERRY

As her conversation with Jack proceeds we intercut between her and the screen. It's a macabre image: sometimes we see the words right on the screen, sometimes light from the letters zipping across her face, Terry reading them.

SCREEN
WHAT THEY SAY?

TERRY
(talking/typing)
I spoke with a man - he said no dept. C. Who Jumping Jack Flash, I asked - then I left.

As soon as Terry's fingers stop moving Poncho fires back a question.

SCREEN
WHO YOU ASK? - WHAT HE SAY?

CONT'D

Terry purses her lips, getting nettled.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Man named Talbot - said your name name of song - I left.

CLOSER ON THE SCREEN

as Poncho punches right back with another one:

SCREEN
ARE YOU SURE? - NOTHING??

ON TERRY

getting redder, typing furiously.

TERRY
Yes, positive - who are you?

ON PONCHO

dead silence. All we see are Terry's reflected EYES floating in the void.

AND TERRY

as she takes an angry pull on her coffee...like to kick Poncho right between the diodes.

SCREEN
I WORK FOR BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

Terry chokes on her coffee, coughing.

SCREEN
TRAPPED IN EAST EUROPE - MUST GET OUT - MY CONTACT BLOWN - CANNOT GET OUT WITHOUT CONTACT.

Terry can't believe her eyes, just sits there, mouth agape.

SCREEN
TERRY?

She snaps out of it.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Why me? Why call me?

SCREEN
CALLED LONDON - NO ANSWER - CALLED EVERYONE - NO ANSWER - HAD TO TRY PRIVATE SECTOR - YOU ANSWERED.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Random?

SCREEN
RANDOM.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
How did you get my cipher?

SCREEN
HAVE BOOK WITH CIPHERS FOR PRIVATE SECTOR FOR EMERGENCY USE.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
But they're impossible to crack.

SCREEN
RIGHT - BRIT. INTEL. BUY THEM FROM CRYPTACOM.

TERRY
Sonofabitch...

CONNORS (O.S.)
Well, this is a pleasant surprise!

Terry whips out of her seat intercepting him as he folds out of the shadows. As we watch him emphasizing phrases with tentative hand language and listen to his ponderous speech, it dawns on Terry that he's drunk.

CONNORS
Ooops, scared you. Why are you running two machines?

TERRY
(covering)
Ah, two transmissions were scheduled simultaneously by mistake for tonight.

CONNORS
(shakes his head)
Well, it certainly is a pleasant surprise that you're on then. This division is getting way too big. I've just been going over your application, Ms. Cook; you're incredibly well-qualified for this position... studied economics and business management.

Terry's eyes stray off.

HER POV

the satellite bar moving across central Europe.

NEW ANGLE

Terry's getting anxious, got to end this.

CONNORS
(continuing)
Got your degree in business affairs.

TERRY
My school wasn't too great.

CONNORS
Certainly didn't stifle your innate abilities. When you called in sick yesterday I thought: "She didn't hear a word I said about co-operation." And now I've heard you've been so kind as to volunteer for the late transmissions. Not just tonight, but the night before last, too.

TERRY
I've really got to get back on them, sir.

CONNORS
Sure, sure. You just keep up that kind of thinking.
(makes a fist)
Cooperation!

He leaves. Terry swings around to face Poncho - her expression drops. Connors calls to her from the door.

CONNORS
Uh, Terry?

She swings back around, hiding the machine.

CONNORS
How about lunch tomorrow? Platonic. Honest. I know there've been rumors about my wife...but...

TERRY
That would be terrific - I'd love to.

CONNORS
Great. Oh, Rae's going to be on night-shift three days a week because of classes. Would you see that Judy changes his schedule in the morning?

Terry smiles, nods. He exits and she spins back to Poncho.

CONT'D

ON THE SCREEN

the OUTLINE of some FORM is actually being DRAWN on the screen in bright, luminous lines. We can SEE the progression of the "pen" tip creating what appears to be a crude FLOOR PLAN.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
How are you doing that!?

The drawing halts, a reply cutting right across it.

SCREEN
TRACE THIS.

Terry holds a beat, then bounds from her seat and returns with a broad sheet of paper. She holds it over Poncho's screen, traces with a Magic Marker. Done, she types.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Ok.

SCREEN
MAKE NOTES.

We SEE the image as the invisible "pen" fills in some detail, pauses, then HAND PRINTS a label for each detail.

It labels a large area "LOBBY", draws in a series of short lines, labels these "STAIRS", then labels a narrow corridor "HALLWAY - 2ND FLOOR".

ON TERRY

writing on her copy, looking up for notes.

SCREEN -

In the wall of the "HALLWAY", the pen makes three sets of tiny perpendicular lines and labels the last" "THIRD DOORWAY ON RIGHT". Inside the room behind this DOORWAY the pen makes a little SQUARE, labels it "TELE-COM".

TERRY

perks at this one.

SCREEN -

The pen draws a long line leading from the LOBBY up the STAIRS, down the HALLWAY, curls through the DOORWAY and stops. An arrow point is penned in at the end of the line aiming right at the TELE-COM.

ON TERRY

lifting her eyes, literally getting the picture.

TERRY
Hmm...
(talking/typing)
Where is this place you want me to go?

SCREEN -

The pen hand prints a title in big, block letters: "BRITISH EMBASSY".

TERRY

throws her head back in disbelief.

TERRY
Oh, Jesus...
(talking/typing)
Why?

THE FLOORPLAN

vanishes, words type over:

SCREEN
NEED TO GET NAMES OF PEOPLE WHO CAN HELP ME - NAMES INSIDE TELE-COM COMPUTER @ EMBASSY. IF YOU CAN GET IT TO TURN ON AT NIGHT I CAN USE IT FROM HERE.

ON TERRY

freaking-out. She definitely does NOT want to stick her head into a meat grinder.

SCREEN
1724 #15, B STREET, WASHINGTON D.C.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
What's that address?

SCREEN
I TRAINED FOR THIS MISSION IN WASHINGTON - ADDRESS IS MY APARTMENT - TELEPHONE NUMBERS OF FRIENDS WHO MIGHT HELP ME ARE THERE.

Terry wags her head, writes down the address.

(CONTINUED)

SCREEN
WILL YOU GO?

TERRY
Why didn't anyone in British Intelligence answer your calls?

SCREEN
DON'T KNOW.

TERRY
But who are you? How do I know who you really are?

SCREEN
MUST TRUST ME.

TERRY
How do I know they really know you at British Embassy? Maybe Talbot was telling truth?

SCREEN
THEY KNOW ME.

TERRY
That's what you say - you're a spy. For who? You just want to use me to get inside Embassy.

SCREEN
I WANT TO STAY ALIVE.

TERRY
That's what you say; you say one thing, they say another.

SCREEN
TERRY...

TERRY
What you want me to do is dangerous!

SCREEN
LISTEN TO ME TERRANCE!

Terry holds back...types.

TERRY
Name Terry for Catherine, not Terrance.

There's an even longer pause from the screen, then:

CONT'D:

SCREEN
RIGHT - TOO DANGEROUS - SELFISH OF ME - I'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY - GOODBYE - THANKS ANYWAY.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
WAIT!
(pause)
But who are you?

Pause. Suddenly Terry's cynicism melts into an incredulous smile...she laughs.

THE SCREEN

As the "pen" draws a crude STICK FIGURE of a MAN. He's got a smudgy mass for hair - wearing a wide grin. A very basic human being, somehow very vulnerable.

ON TERRY

as her smile levels. The image is clear: the guy's a human being and that's about all she's got to go on.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Is this a matter of life and death?

SCREEN
YES - IF I DON'T GET OUT SOON -

TERRY
(talking/typing)
I'm really the only one who can help?

SCREEN
YOU ARE.

Terry takes a deep breath, nervous uncertain.

SCREEN
TERRY - WILL YOU DO IT?

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Maybe, will need more information about embassy.
(pause)
And, how do I get into your apartment?

EXT. 240-Z - LATER THAT NIGHT

Terry dismounts, locks it up and heads across the street. She suddenly slows.

NEW ANGLE

It's a formidable apartment complex. A uniformed DOORMAN Stands before a glass and brass door. Terry approaches.

DOORMAN
May I help you?

TERRY
(hesitant)
I'm going to room 613.

DOORMAN
I'm afraid no one's in, now.

TERRY
Jack said it would be ok.

He studies her for a moment, then stands aside, opens the door.

DOORMAN
(smiles)
Best of luck.

They swap "looks" as Terry enters.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

And TIGHT on a SUPER-LOCK...one of those mega-security units requiring a combination to open. The door says: # 613...best of luck is right.

FULL ANGLE

Terry reads from her notes, punching buttons. Suddenly the door sinks in; she grabs the knob and follows it inside.

TERRY
Ok, Jack; let's see how you keep house.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Place is wrecked. Furniture upturned, drawers yanked loose, their contents everywhere...smashed glasses, lamps and shredded books cover the floor. Some maniacal power has gone through the place with a devastating precision. Even the carpet is uprooted.

TERRY
Goddamn!

TIGHT ON

a GAS RANGE as Terry's hand feels in the dull light for one of the sliding trays used to catch burner debris. It's missing from its slot.

TERRY (O.S.)
Jack, it's not here...

NEW ANGLE

she rescues the tray from the heap, rubs the bottom with a strip of torn carpet.

TIGHT ON

the tray as four TELEPHONE NUMBERS appear from beneath the grease; they've been scratched into the metal.

ON A PHONE

mashed to a plastic pulp. Terry lifts the mangled receiver, winces.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Terry's "looking around". She finds a black porcelain SHAVING BRUSH, rescues a chipped MUG from the sink: It's a cheap coffee mug with an image of a big-busted MADEMOISELLE holding a BIG FRENCH BREAD. "Souvenier de Paris", it says.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

wiped-out. Blue jeans and formal evening wear are tangled on the floor. Terry wades through the rubble. She stops, bends down and picks up a squashed tube of OIL PAINT.

NEW ANGLE

as she moves toward a pair of tall windows, stops, stands up a PAINTING and easel...someone has put his fist right through the center.

ON THE PAINTING

tough to get a clear image because of the damage, but it's a very romantic rendering of a river gliding through a vast metropolis - colors are vivid, sparkling with life. It's signed in the corner: "JACK..."last name obliterated.

TERRY'S EYES

hang thoughtfully on the painting - lift upwards.

HER POV

Through the tall windows we SEE the Potomac sliding like a silver animal between buildings and towers, caught up in the light-show of the city at night.

AND TERRY

her eyes returning to the painting; inspects the damage.

NEW ANGLE

Terry stands over a trimline phone and remote ANSWERING MACHINE. Terry presses the playback button.

VOICE
Hey, Jack! Good to hear your voice. Callin' to say I'm back; where are you?

Terry immediately presses another button: A voice comes over -- Jack's -- a dark, ENGLISH voice.

JACK (V.O.)
Sorry I'm not home, but if you'd care to leave a message you'll have half-a-minute after the tone.

Terry pauses, then replays it. She listens as if weighing every word, trying to judge the man by his voice.

CLOSE ON

a group photo of SOLDIERS.

AND TERRY

checking the thing out...corners are torn.

CLOSE ON

a name hand written into the margin: "SAM". We FOLLOW a line drawn from the name down into the photo to a MAN... obviously SAM. Terry SCANS half a dozen names to: "ME".

ON TERRY

eyes alert with anticipation.

ON THE PHOTO

as we follow the line from "ME" down to a soldier. It's JACK, probably, but he's drawn a goatee and glasses over himself. Impossible to tell what he looks like.

AND TERRY

frustrated.

NEW ANGLE

Terry with the stove tray in her lap, running down the numbers, using the mangled but functioning trimline phone.

TERRY
Would you check new listings, please?

Fishing through the junk she comes up with a pair of blue PANTIES. She scowls, heaves 'em. She sees something else.

TERRY
Ok, thanks, they've probably moved.

She hangs-up, reaches forward and comes up with a pistol.

ON THE THING

A chopped .45 auto -- frame cut down, grip wrapped in friction tape to permanently depress the palm safety. Ugly, black, the thing screams PROFESSIONAL. There's a blue sun-burst of paint spattered on it.

ON TERRY

as she tries the fit in her hand as if trying on a pair of expensive gloves. As she grasps and ungrasps the grip we can HEAR the sucking of the sticky tape. She's fascinated.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

Terry back on the phone, surprised. She looks at the tray.

PHONE (filter)
...a message after the tome.

TERRY
Yes, please have...Bill Andrews call Terry cook at 249-7631.

NEW ANGLE

Terry on the phone again.

OPERATOR (filter)
The number you have reached is not in service as this time, please be sure...

She hangs-up in disgust, re-dials. The phone rings and rings. She's about to give up when it's finally answered. Guy sounds BLACK.

VOICE
Yeah?

TERRY
Yes, is Archer in, please?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

There's a LONG pause, then:

VOICE
Yeah, you got me...

CUT TO:

A WHITE PHONE

on a desk. Its curly chord leads O.S. - we know it's Archer's place, can hear his voice but can't see him.

ARCHER (O.S.)
...what d'ya need?

TERRY
Jumping Jack Flash asked me to call. I have to talk with you.

ARCHER (O.S.)
(after a beat)
Flash? Where are you, lady?

TERRY
His apartment - it's been totally ripped-up. Can I see you?

ARCHER (O.S.)
Four hundred an' eleven Nebraska Ave. Better get off his phone, now.

Terry immediately hangs-up. She rises, takes a moment to let her fear pass, grabs her purse and starts to leave. She stops, studies the painting again...

ARCHER'S PLACE

there's the HUM of a small survo-motor - a stainless steel MECHANICAL ARM holding a receiver in its pincer extends over the phone, lowers it to the hook.

CUT TO:

INT. Z-CAR

Terry wheeling along in silent reflection. She comes to a light, glances in the rear view mirror.

HER POV

in the mirror we spot the red VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT, on its dashboard is a CAMERA...aimed right at us. Can't see the DRIVER.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

INT./EXT. Z-CAR

Terry blows a fuse - she grabs the gearshift. The BACKUP LIGHTS flash ON and the Z squeals in reverse.

EXT. RABBIT

the driver REACTS - whips the Rabbit out of her line of fire and FLIES off in a shriek of rubber.

240Z -

Terry slams on the brakes, bangs it back into first and howls off after the sonofabitch.

NEW ANGLE

as the Rabbit sprints a light. Terry screeches to a stop, eyes the light furiously. She tears open the glove box and pulls out her Instamatic...takes off.

EXT. RABBIT

as it wheels down a side street, across an intersection. Finally it halts for a stop sign.

NEW ANGLE

out of nowhere TERRY howls up from the right and stops right off the Rabbit's nose, blocking the way. She aims her Instamatic right into the Rabbit's windshield and lets him have it.

TERRY
You asshole!

She THROWS the dead flash cube at the Rabbit, slams the Z into gear and roars off.

EXT. RABBIT

and ON the windshield, reflection killing our view. We do SEE a set of thick glasses following Terry's retreat.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

One of those low-end blockhouse dwelling machines. Terry rings a bell. Again. Nervous. She rubs her temples. The door opens and she looks DOWN.

ON ARCHER

Black, about thirty, in an electric wheel chair. His clothing hangs loose...because his body is a combine of machinery and broken limbs. He holds a cigarette in the pincher of his right appendage, SMILES WARMLY.

INT. APARTMENT

The more we see, the more we realize how incapacitated Archer really is. Only his facial expressions seem humanly animated, maybe exaggerated. Terry's on a couch, coffee before her. He's still a bit suspicious of her.

ARCHER
So, The Flash wants you to crash the British Embassy, eh?

He lifts his cigarette - arm driven to his lips by a survo-electric motor - takes a deep draw.

TERRY
Why is he called Jumping Jack Flash?

ARCHER
That's his file name - code name; like mine's Archer. He chose it 'cause his first name's really Jack...
(laughs)
And he loves the Rollin' Fuckin' Stones.

TERRY
You're a spy too?

ARCHER
(thoughtfully)
Me an' The Flash used to run together.
(opening up)
We're not spies like in "secret government agents"...we're <u>free</u> agents you might say.

TERRY
Mercenaries?

ARCHER
Bad name. Mercenaries are unreliable. Flash is different, got himself a real solid rep.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

ARCHER (cont'd)
I mean the guy really believes in what he's doing. You know when he was nineteen that sonofabitch lived with a bunch a farmers in East Germany smugglin' refugees out by night over the Spree River? Did that for two years! Dumb bastard.
(a puff)
I knew him before, when he started: Biafra, '66 during the Congo Wars...two seventeen year old crazy mutherfuckers lookin' for trouble. Now, that's where he really started gettin' his reputation. Didn't like the killin' but he sure took to espionage.
(savoring)
Me an' the Fuckin' Flash.

He breaks off into crazed laughter -- guy's obviously a little loose.

TERRY
What's he doing? I mean, right now?

ARCHER
(shrugs)
Ah...donno. He's an electronics jock. Surveillance most likely.
(smiles)
When he gets back we'll have a good laugh, a couple of drinks and he'll tell me all about it.

Terry suddenly breaks-off into a coughing fit. Archer stares.

TERRY
Sorry, got something is all.
(breath)
What I don't get is why won't his people help him? It's as if they re pretending he doesn't exist.

ARCHER
Look at it with cold logic; be a computer for a second: What happens if The Flash gets caught? You said his contact was blown. That means they'd have to link him with safe agents in the area to pull him -- which they sure as shit ain't gonna do. His contact's blown, won't be long before the enemy gets to Flash. Can't take the chance.

TERRY
But you said he was...special.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

ARCHER
Riiight! That's affirmative baby; The Flash is cool, fact he's so reliable, so ballsy they can't afford to lose him.

TERRY
Then it's worth it to get him out.

ARCHER
Computer's still lookin', baby. He looks in Flash's file - know what he finds? Seems like after this mission The one an' only Flash was plannin' on retirin' from service.
(beat)
So I ask you, speakin' as a computer, what's the good of pullin' him out when the only thing that would do is endanger the lives of useful agents for absolutely nothing in return.

Terry's stunned by this frigid summation.

ARCHER
Think that's sick? Look at me! Or, this thing that thinks it's me. They dragged my fuckin' remains back - chewed up and spit out - 'cause I had some piece-a shit information they wanted. An' the goddamn Flash who's given those bastards some of their finest hours; they'll flush him 'cause he's just a little too hot to handle.

Silence as Archer pulls himself together. Thinks.

ARCHER
That's why he wants you to hit the Embassy...the names of the safe agents they won't send him are in their tele-com. Just like that fucker - they won't give 'em to him so he's gonna do it himself.

Terry's painfully aware that "himself" means through her. Archer sees her uneasiness.

ARCHER
He'll try to walk out if it comes to that. He'd have to.

TERRY
Would he make it?

Archer ponders this...shakes his head.

CONT'D

ARCHER
No fun. Gotta watch that bunch at the Embassy.

TERRY
I got a photo of one of Talbot's spys today.

ARCHER
Talbot? Now there's an ass-wipe for the Queen if ever there was one. But not a spy...

TERRY
Someone's been following me; I got his picture.

Archer's suddenly silent. Terry gets an uneasy feeling.

TERRY
What? What is it?

ARCHER
As silent warriors go, me an' Flash was right up there in the stratosphere. Eventually the enemy gets real bored with you being alive. They assign Someone to you.

TERRY
What are you saying?

ARCHER
Just that there's probably somebody else you should be keepin' an eye open for.

He raises his animated arm.

ARCHER
As you can see he specializes in mercenaries, but I hear he does ladies too.

Terry's eyes widen. Archer rolls forward toward the door.

ARCHER
You got The Flash's cipher baby, don't let it outta your sight. He transmitted his code name in plain English so believe me everyone in the intelligence community knows what's going on. Somebody'd like that cipher because they could crack it from the information on your printout. Crack the cipher, they get The Flash.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

TERRY
How is he transmitting - Jack?

ARCHER
An N-7; portable job 'bout the size
(smiles)
of a suitcase. You splice it into your average telephone lines and you can transmit through an unsuspecting mircowave transmitter - probably a bank.
(beat)
How'd The Flash pick you anyway?

TERRY
Random.

ARCHER
No-way, not The Flash. You know he musta been listenin' in on a whole lotta transmissions from the D.C. area - musta been something about yours that sparked his interest. Made him think you had spunk. You tell jokes or wise-cracks over your tele-com maybe?

NEW ANGLE

featuring Terry. Uh-oh; guy's sharper than she thought.

ARCHER
Well whatever, he was right 'cause here you are.
(beat)
You gonna do it?

Terry's face is clouded with doubt.

TERRY
(after a pause)
Too late tonight anyway; embassy's closed.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Terry skirts the perimeter of the park. Traffic seeths and clanks in a giant glowing band along Connecticut Ave. Terry darts across the street.

INT./EXT. 240Z

Terry reaches it, unlocks her side and slides in. She lets out a long breath, sits back. Thinking. She perks, looks OFF.

HER POV

D.C.'s street lights running like a chain of beads off into the dark...and a neon sign: "PARK CAMERA".

RESUME TERRY

suddenly recharged. She reaches for her camera -- freezes. The passenger door's AJAR, glove box ripped open and dangling by one hinge. She runs her hand through the opening...camera's gone.

NEW ANGLE

Terry snaps out of her shock, reaches across and slams the door. Locks it. Her fear peaking.

INT. ARCHER'S APARTMENT

Archer, seated by the window. He tips his head slowly back and forth, a smoking cigarette held in his stainless steel appendage. It looks like the arm of a SKELETON.

ARCHER
(softly laughing)
Me an' the Fuckin' Flash...

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LATER NIGHT

Terry enters, THROWS off her coat -- fear becoming anger.

CLOSER

She turns, and starts unloading the rest of her things. From the shadows a slim CYLINDER like a pistol silencer points straight at her head.

NEW ANGLE

Terry FLIES onto the couch, silence shattered by QUACKING. It's TED - a muddy, dishevelled hunter braying on a DUCK CALL. ROBERT dumps five dead DUCKS into her lap -- her shriek ascends an octave.

ROBERT
(drunk)
Duckies! Duckies!

TERRY
You goddamn idiots!!

She grabs her stomach and bolts for the bathroom. Robert and Ted swap question marks. Ted peeks around the corner; tell by the way he steadies himself he's blitzed.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TED
God, she's really sick...

The phone RINGS; Ted snags it.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Huddled in his darkened office is a MAN with a walrus moustache. He's ENGLISH. INTERCUTTING: WALRUS/TED

WALRUS
May I speak with Terry Cook, please?

TED
Terry! For you! You want to call back..?

Terry RUSHES in, grabs the phone from a surprised Ted.

TERRY
Hello?

WALRUS
I picked up a message tonight on my answering machine for Bill Andrews?

Ted's seeing Robert off, eyes straying back to Terry. She's excited, hoping she's made contact with Jack's friend. Ted notices, probably misinterprets.

TERRY
Yes?

WALRUS
Look, Bill isn't with us anymore. Don't know where he's living, now.

TERRY
I see. Well, thanks anyway.

Terry lowers the phone, disappointed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Terry and Ted eating a hot, home-cooked meal; Ted sipping a beer.

TED
So, who was that?

TERRY
Tailor from Masons...it's for a new dress. They're open till nine, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TED
I didn't say anything.

Terry pauses. He's playing a little mind game and she doesn't like it.

TED (cont'd)
So, what did you call about that was so urgent?

TERRY
Nothing. It's not important now. I'm sorry if I ruined your hunting.

Ted senses something really is the matter, afraid of her withdrawn "mood".

TED
Babe, you can talk to me -- what?

TERRY
(angry)
I feel lousy; I'm sick...I just want to do some thinking tonight.

Ted puts on his indifferent attitude; all part of his repertoire for keeping her in check. But it isn't Ted who's on her mind, tonight. Somehow he senses it.

TED
(cold)
Ok, soon as I finish eating I'll leave you to your thinking. I'll call you after work, tomorrow.

TERRY
No, I'm working the night shift.

Ted holds on her, can almost hear his brain clicking.

TED
Again?

He crosses to her, lowers himself to his knees and hugs her. Of course she's thinking about the embassy break-in. Looks a little nervous.

TED
Terry, something's going on -- what is it?

TERRY
(firm)
Nothing...

INT, BRITISH EMBASSY - NEXT MORNING

Featuring TERRY in her long slicker pushing aside the hood. Coat's wet with rain.

TERRY
Hi! I'm your service representative from Cryptacom - we make your tele-com?

She hands the MALE RECEPTIONIST a business card.

ON THE CARD

it's the same bogus card Rae got from the BLACKMAN.

FULL ANGLE

The receptionist looks up, sees a fresh cheerful smile on Terry's face and smiles back.

RECEPTIONIST
Just a moment, please.

He turns, picks up a phone and dials. Terry watches, takes a deep breath...watches. He nods, hangs-up.

RECEPTIONIST
All right; you know your way.

He goes back to work.

UPPER HALLWAY

as Terry counts off doorways. Lots of action in the hall - WAITERS, BUS BOYS -- party somewhere.

TIGHT ON

a SECURITY GUARD'S NAME TAG: "JEFF THOMAS".

AND TERRY

approaching, having picked up this cue. The guard is covering the entrance to the tele-com room.

TERRY
(card in hand)
Hi! I'm from Cryptacom.

GUARD
(examing card)
Yes, well did someone from computers give you a call...have I ever seen you here before?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Terry pauses, recalling Jack's information.

TERRY
You remember me! How's Clair, Mrs. Thompson?

GUARD
(off-guard)
Uh -- fine, terrific.

Terry starts going through a folder...for effect. As the guard studies her. Seems he must know her; his smile tells us he's trying to recall.

TERRY
Here we go: Ron called me...

GUARD
Fred? Ron's out this week.

TERRY
Somebody in computers wanted me to check out your tele-com.

He stands aside, motions her inside.

GUARD
Have at it.

INT. EMBASSY TELE-COM ROOM - DAY

Terry's working behind a tele-com. She takes a typical department store LIGHT TIMER from her purse, sets the on/off dial, plugs the tele-com into it and it into the wall socket, hiding the thing behind a waste basket. She looks up and HOLDS.

NEW ANGLE

Terry steps to a table holding an open suitcase. It's innards are pure tele-com, probably an N-7, the portable unit Archer said Jack would be using. Terry pauses to marvel...to touch. The bottom holds keys, inside of the top, a screen. Terry's truly amazed.

GUARD (O.S.)
Expensive little bugger.

NEW ANGLE

Terry snaps out of her reverie, smiles and walks out into the hall.

GUARD
Nice seeing you again!

INT. EMBASSY LOBBY - MORNING

Terry scoots past the receptionist who's talking with Talbot. She spots him, keeps her face turned and breaks for the door.

RECEPTIONIST
(seeing her)
So long now..!

Talbot's head automatically revolves after Terry. He does a double-take...unsure.

EXT. EMBASSY

Place is hemmed by a putting green lawn, hedges trimmed within an inch of their lives. Talbot walks out to the iron gates, looks around. A brass plaque twinkles in the sun: "BRITISH EMBASSY". Unsure, he returns inside.

INT./EXT. 240Z - MORNING

Terry zipping through traffic, a satisfied grin on her face.

TERRY
We did it!

INT. CONNORS' OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Carol collecting some paperwork from Judy, talking. We never really hear anything Carol's got to say, but the visuals tell us she's the office blab. Terry emerges from the ladies room, gets a wave from Judy and scurries on.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - DAY

Jamie's keeping an eye on Poncho, working her own machine. Terry enters and gets back to work. She looks VERY sick.

TERRY
Thanks, Jamie.

JAMIE
You don't look so good, dear.

TERRY
What you see is what I got.

JAMIE
What have you got?

Terry ends a transmission, sets Poncho up for another. She pauses, rests her head in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TERRY
I don't know...sometimes I feel like I can't breath, sometimes I feel like I'm going to puke.
(weak chuckle)
Sometimes I do puke. And my head...

JAMIE
It's those demons -- they'll get you everytime.

TERRY
(laughing)
I think I saw one of your demons the other night -- with forty-two legs!

Connors enters, looking over shoulders; seems sober.

CONNORS
Hello everyone.

DOREEN
Hello Mr. C.

CONNORS
(to Terry)
So, I've come to collect you for lunch.

Jamie looks aside. Terry rises -- too fast, she grabs the chairback for support, dizzy.

CONNORS
Aren't you feeling well, Terry?

TERRY
That's what I wanted to tell you, I'm not fee...not feeling...

She bows her head, tries to talk -- presses her fingers into her temple, suddenly struck with severe PAIN.

TERRY
Ow-ow-OW!

She lets out a surpressed HOWL. Connors backs off, watching her. Jamie pushes her seat away. Terry recovers, brings her head level again. Smiles her best.

TERRY
Sorry, I have got THE headache of the century.

BLOOD starts pouring from her left nostril. Connors leaps back against a machine -- Jamie's out of her seat. Now it's BOTH nostrils, gushing streams of RED.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

DOREEN
Terry!

Terry grabs her face and her hands come back dripping. She gapes in stark TERROR at the faces surrounding her, spins, bangs against Poncho and runs OFF.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

The door swings open, Doreen enters -- we catch a glimpse of half the fucking office personel waiting outside.

DOREEN
Terry?

NEW ANGLE

She finds Terry half in a stall, face buried in her arms as if in shame...a carnage of bloody tissue paper surrounding her. She's sobbing, trying to keep herself under control...losing it badly.

DOREEN
Terry...what is it? What's happening?

She kneels beside her. Terry shakes away her tears, bashes the side of the toilet with her fist.

TERRY
Goddamn-it! I DON'T KNOW!

She starts crying again -- pissed that she is. Doreen wallows down beside her and takes her in her arms like a great big momma. And Terry lets her.

INT. CONNORS' OFFICE - DAY

Terry's standing before his desk, seems to have the bleeding under control. Face HARD, embarrassed that she lost emotional control before the whole world.

CONNORS
No. go home, get to bed and call a doctor. You're in no condition to work, my friend.

TERRY
Mr. Connors, I'm all right. I've taken some aspirin...

CONNORS
Aspirin!

CONT'D:

TERRY
(pleading)
I have to work the late trans-
missions; I really need the money.

Connors softens...some. She presses him.

TERRY (cont'd)
Ted and I are saving for our
honeymoon...

She can't stomach this groveling -- gets tough.

TERRY (cont'd)
It's just a NOSE BLEED! Nothing!

Connors looks up at her, can tell he's going to relent.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - LATER DAY

Terry and Poncho clunking away. Terry sipping coffee, fighting to keep her mind concentrated on the work.

ON PONCHO

the usual hieroglyphic procession.

CLOSER

and as usual, Terry's eyes floating in the screen. But, there's ANOTHER SET of eyes reflected just above hers.

TERRY TURNS

with a start -- it's CAROL looking over her shoulder. She straightens, smiles and walks OFF...hyenas closing in on the dying lioness.

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY TELE-COM ROOM - CLOSING TIME

Their tele-com idling in neutral, operator nowhere in sight. VOICES can be heard O.S.

TIGHT ON

the plug-in TIMER. Its dial turns a notch and CLICKS.

THE TELE-COM

shuts down.

FULL ANGLE

as a SECURITY GUARD pokes his nose into the room, sees the machine's OFF, kills the light.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

VOICE
(in passing)
Get the tele-com?

GUARD
It's off. Have a good weekend.

The door closes.

INT. BANK TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

PONCHO'S SCREEN
(Terry)
I SAW ARCHER.
(Jack)
HOW WAS HE?

ON TERRY

sluggish, her movements vague. She doesn't seem to notice.

TERRY
(lying)
Fine. Says British won't let you out because of danger to other agents. Archer would help...if he could.
(pause)
Other phone numbers were duds.

Lengthy pause.

SCREEN
TOO BAD - TIME?

She checks the clock.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Five more minutes.

INT. EMBASSY TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly the luminous face of the tele-com sparks alive casting a hearth-like glow into the empty room. After a moment the machine CLUNKS ON -- numbers dash across the screen as an invisible hand operates the machine.

INT. BANK TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

Terry sits back watching the parade of ciphers on Poncho's screen. She pops a couple of aspirin.

SCREEN
ANGLO/AMERICAN OPERATIVES - FILE #457t89.7980

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Again the screen is flooded with digits, streaming by in an unintelligible BLUR. Terry checks her watch.

TERRY
(to herself)
Hurry-up.

Suddenly the flow of numbers HALTS.

SCREEN
STOP - FILE ENTRANCE CIPHER REQUIRED...

TERRY
Check point one; I hope you know it.

A short series of NUMBERS -- obviously from Jack's hand -- flit across Poncho's face. The machine CLACKS and continues.

SCREEN
CHINA -
VIETNAM -
SINGAPORE -
KOREA N. -
KOREA S. -
MALAYSIA -
THAILAND -
INDONESIA -

Terry watches this out-pouring of secret file headings with a shocked amazement. The machine HALTS again.

INT. EMBASSY TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

and TIGHT ON the embassy tele-com:

SCREEN
EUROPE - STOP - FILE ENTRANCE CIPHER REQUIRED...

OPPOSITE THE SCREEN

is TALBOT, surrounded by a handful of terrified personel. The security guard hovers in the b.g. Talbot's wearing a tux, scarf. Obviously summoned from some formal function. Judging from his anger, he was having a good time. Another MAN enters.

MAN
We traced it to a local source. Who-ever is doing this may be using the local tele-com as a relay station.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

SCREEN

ITALY -
GERMANY W. -
GERMANY E. -

Talbot grits his teeth, furious. He slams down on the power switch.

INT. BANK TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

as Poncho's screen goes BLANK. Terry bolts alert.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
What happened?

SCREEN
THEY FOUND IT.

She explodes, punches Poncho.

TERRY
NO!
(talking/typing)
Was that it? Your last chance?

SCREEN
NEARLY. HARD TO EXIT W/O FRIENDS.

TERRY
(to herself)
Friends, you've got lots of those haven't you.

SCREEN
TERRY - ONE MORE TRY.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
What?

SCREEN
CALL LONDON 01-672-8945 - ASK FOR TOBY MILES - RPT MY MESSAGE.

Terry copies this down, types:

TERRY
(talking/typing)
01-672-8945. Toby Miles.

SCREEN
CORRECT.

CONT'D:

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Can't talk again until Tuesday,
Monday holiday.
(pause)
What is weather like there?

SCREEN
SNOWING.

Terry pauses, probably conjuring an image of some poor bastard freezing to death.

TERRY
Are you cold?

SCREEN
ALL RIGHT, THANKS - OVER RESTAURANT.
YOU LIKE GOOD FOOD?

TERRY
(toying)
Second only to sex.

SCREEN
(after a healthy pause)
HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO THE "TRIESTE"?
2138 PENN. AVE. D.C. SMALL RESTAURANT.

TERRY
No, never been. Is it nice?

SCREEN
MY FAVORITE - MAKE THEIR OWN PASTA.

TERRY
(laughs)
How about Emils?

SCREEN
A BAR - NEAR CAPITAL HEIGHTS?

TERRY
Yes!

SCREEN
OF COURSE - USED TO GO THERE
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

TERRY
So did I! We probably saw each other,
do you think?

SCREEN
ARE YOU PRETTY?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TERRY
Yes.

SCREEN
YOU'RE TALL - LONG BLACK HAIR!

TERRY
NO! Who's tall with long black hair? I'm blond!

SCREEN
BLOND?

She laughs at her jealousy; starts coughing - HARD.

SCREEN
ANY TROUBLE - BECAUSE OF ME?

TERRY
Maybe phone tapped; being followed.

SCREEN
CATHERINE - PLEASE BE CAREFUL.

Terry calms, smiles; is about to respond when the screen goes to static.

ON THE SATELLITE MAP

and the bar passing out of range.

NEW ANGLE

Terry takes Jack's cipher, hides it under Poncho's chasis.

INT. VICTORIAN MANSION - MORNING (IN ENGLAND)

A tall pretty RED HAIRED WOMAN of thirty pads toward us down a lush runner in her slippers and maroon robe. Walls are hung with pricy oils, pics of the Royal Family. A MAID emerges from a doorway holding a phone.

MAID
Lady Miles. There's a call from Washington D.C.

TOBY
My God, it would be one in the morning there.

She takes the phone from the maid.

TOBY
Hello? I'm afraid Lord Miles has already left for the ministry...yes, this is "Toby" Miles. Who is this?

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - NIGHT (IN D.C.)

Terry's in the phone booth beside her 240Z, obviously freezing cold where she is. She snugs her collar up.

INTERCUT: TERRY/TOBY

TERRY
"Need exit, not blown..." Yes, that's all.

TOBY
Fine. I'll call you - Tuesday.

Toby hangs-up, nervous...she picks up the phone again.

INT./EXT. 240Z - NIGHT (IN D.C.)

Cruising. She coughs, breathing hard. She checks her rearview mirror, pulls up and stops. Looks OUT.

HER POV

The front of Jack's apartment building.

INT. LORD MILES' OFFICE - MORNING (IN ENGLAND)

Opulent. Handsome, forty-five year old LORD MILES faces-off with a YOUNGER MAN -- HERBERT -- over a desk.

HERBERT
Yes, Lord Miles, we do have a mercenary in the field code-named Jumping Jack Flash...

MILES
And you're going to leave him there?

HERBERT
This is highly sensitive information...

MILES
Oh, is it? Well my wife just rang me up about it Herbert -- Toby; the one who plays bridge with all the blabber mouths in London?

Herbert's mouth drops open.

MILES
Further it seems my wife heard of this from a young bank clerk in Washington D.C. who's carrying on a surreptitious communication with Jumpity Jack Flash over a cash-register or type writer or some such rot!

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

HERBERT
My God.

MILES
Apparently she's been prodding our embassy there to do something about it. Well, I want you to do something about it! I'm up for an appointment in the ministry come spring, Herbert. The last thing I need is for some past indiscretion of my wife's to find its way into the Sunday supplements. This ...clerk, is going to keep calling people people, Herbert, until she gets help for her mercenary.

HERBERT
Perhaps we could -- through influence -- have her fired from her job.

MILES
That's precisely the sort of aboriginal thinking that's got us into this in the first place. I don't want you to do anything on her end...but you'd better bloody well do something on the other end!

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (D.C.)

Jack's PAINTING sits in a chair in the middle of the room. The PHONE brings Terry in -- still in her coat, doing two aspirin and water.

NEW ANGLE

Terry on the phone INTERCUTTING: TED (HIS APARTMENT) As she talks she's repairing Jack's painting with tape.

TERRY
Hi, Ted; I feel like hell.

TED
Where were you? I called four times.

TERRY
(covering)
Jamie and I went out for a few... really babe, I'm sorry.

As she talks she lavishes real affection on the painting. Ted senses her receptive mood.

TED
Why don't I come over; I'll make you feel better.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TERRY
I'd throw up on you Ted.

TED
Do you want to call tomorrow off?

TERRY
No. Museum and lunch are still on; I'm going to shake this thing. If I'm too sick I'll call you, otherwise see you guys in the morning.

TED
Great. You know...I've been thinking about calling my tax professor... Probably wouldn't do much good. Anway, we can talk about it tomorrow. I love you, babe. You love me?

TERRY
(stroking the painting)
I love you too, Ted.

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

featuring JACK'S PAINTING hung on her wall, the rip repaired as best as possible. It's DARK.

NEW ANGLE

Terry's asleep, a half-drunk glass of water beside her on the night stand with an untouched oragne.

CLOSER

Her sleep is restless, she's mumbling...in a stupor. Suddenly her head SNAPS sideways, responding to a noise O.S.

CLOSER STILL

battling to wake, brow furrowed as if the brain beneath were trying to stir an unresponsive body. A SHADOW sails across her face.

(CONTINUED)

TIGHT ON TERRY

Sighs, heavy breathing as she TRIES to wake. There's something else -- a SOUND O.S. that could be VOICES, but in an alien language. The sound swims around her -- softer and louder -- at times totally absent.

NEW ANGLE

Terry fights for consciousness -- her head rises agonizingly, muscles in her neck and face STRAINING like taut cables stretching to the snapping point. With a heart-rending SOB she collapses. A huge SHADOW looms across her body. We can HEAR the sounds of things being MOVED.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING

Ted, Robert and Gina. Ted knocks on Terry's door, twists the knob. Knocks impatiently again.

TED
Let's go Cinderella, the pumpkin's double parked!
(pause)
What the hell is this shit? TERRY!

GINA
Take it easy, she probably overslept.

He uses his key, flips the lock.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Her apartment door is barricaded with chairs, books -- the living room table shoved over against it. The door opens and thuds to a stop. Ted starts SHOVING against it...

TED (O.S.)
Wha..? Terry? Jesus H. Christ!

The door FLIES open tumbling the mountain of furniture; the three enter.

FULL ANGLE

It's Terry, half-naked, stumbling back and forth across the apartment as if in a trance of disjointed agonized movements. Ted, Gina and Robert just STARE.

GINA
Oh, my God...

All around are the tatters of her apartment -- books, magazines, shelves, plants...place is destroyed.

TED
Terry...Terry!

CONT'D:

Ted moves closer -- she keeps walking, trance-like.

TERRY
They were here, they were here...

Ted surrounds her with his arms, trying to slow her random movement around the room.

TED
Terry? C'mon, babe.

He grabs her and she swings around, SCREAMING.

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Terry's tucked-in, head bobbing gently, thermometer in her mouth. Robert's leaning over her, watching.

NEW ANGLE

Ted's peeking in on the action. We see Gina behind him cleaning up the livingroom.

ON ROBERT

removing the thermometer. He reads it, gives Terry a suspicious look.

ROBERT
Terry? Can you hear me?

Terry's voice is drained, almost child-like.

TERRY
(positive)
They didn't get it!

ROBERT
What happened Terry? Terry?

She blinks up through a semi-conscious glaze.

TERRY
What do you want?

ROBERT
What happened here last night?

TERRY
Demons! The demons have been poisoning me and they came again last night!

She starts thrashing; Robert quiets her.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

ROBERT
Demons!? Terry, what demons?

TERRY
They're after him...

ON TED

all ears.

ROBERT (O.S.)
Who?

TERRY (O.S.)
Jack!

Ted wrinkles up his face.

NEW ANGLE

Terry calms, Robert feels her forehead -- nothing.

ROBERT
Why did you tear up the apartment?

TERRY
I didn't! They did, the demons! That's why I barricaded the door after they left, to keep them out!

INT. KITCHEN - LATER DAY

Gina, Robert and Ted in pow-wow around the table. Ted's nervous, looks like he wants to punch something.

TED
What the hell is wrong with her?

ROBERT
It's a psychological trauma. Terry's always had trouble fitting in, we all know that. Look at her; look at her life.

TED
What's wrong with her life?

ROBERT
She's at a cross-roads now and she's having trouble rationalizing her new need to finally fit in.

GINA
That girl is sick in there; any FOOL can tell that by looking at her!

CONT'D:

ROBERT
(right back)
How come she hasn't got a temperature? And what kind of sickness makes you smash up your apartment? "Demolition Disease"? You said she told you that guy who tried to pick her up at the Amendment drugged her. Do you actually believe that? What she's saying is she can't explain her behavior so she's blaming it on extrinsic -- outside -- influences.

TED
Who's this "Jack" asshole?

ROBERT
(pouncing)
Perfect. You ever hear of an animus?

Gina wags her head in disgust.

ROBERT (cont'd)
She says she doesn't know what this "Jack" looks like, that he only tells her things but at the SAME TIME admits that she can't really hear him.

Ted's perking, hostility and animal jealousy subsiding as Robert sets the universe straight.

ROBERT (cont'd)
In psychology, we call that an animus. It's the so-called male element of the woman's unconscious make-up.

Gina wags her head in disgust.

ROBERT (cont'd)
But Ted, it's really extreme when the woman actually believes this man exists...and to go so far as to actually give him a NAME? Ted, Terry's very disturbed.

GINA
Do you serve flight bags with these conversations? I mean that girl is SICK in there; she needs a doctor!

ROBERT
I know she's sick, but not that kind of "sick". I agree, she needs professional help. I could make some recommendations if you want.

CONT'D:
Ted's lost in space, rattles his head hoplessly.

TED
What's the bottom line here?

ROBERT
"Jack" doesn't exist.

INT. TERRY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry's awake, groggy, cautiously eyeing a glass of orange juice Ted's offering her.

TED
Don't worry, I just bought it from across the street at Donovan's.

He watches as she slowly downs it.

TED
No poison. How come you think someone's trying to poison you?

Terry finishes her o.j., thinks this over. There's something "cloudy" about her behavior -- it's an effort for her to be her usual SHARP self.

TERRY
It must be in my water -- Ted my water is poison!

TED
Terry, who are the demons?

TERRY
I don't know! They were here last night, I could hear them talking.

TED
What were they saying?

TERRY
I don't know, I couldn't understand; they were talking in somekinda strange language. Demon language!

Ted checks out the sky on that one.

TED
Terry, there are no demons, and there is no poison.

Terry's face fills with helpless trusting.

TERRY
There are no demons!?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Ted shakes his head, starts straightening the place up.

TED
I'm going to clean up, then run out for some dinner. How would you like some great fried chicken?

TERRY
And...there is no poison in my water?

TED
(frustrated)
No, babe. Think about it a minute: There can't be. Everyone in the building's on the same water. They aren't sick, are they?

TERRY
Did you ask everyone?

Ted's nearing his flash point.

TED
No, I didn't -- Terry, do you trust me? Do you?

TERRY
Yes! Of course I do!

TED
There is no poison.

TERRY
You promise...

TED
THERE IS NO POISON!

TERRY
Then what's wrong with me!?

Ted gives her a long, assessing look. He bends down, picks something up off the floor. It's Jack's PAINTING.

TED
Maybe you've got a wild imagination, babe.

He rehangs the painting, levels it. Something catches his eye.

TIGHT ON

the lower corner and a signature: "JACK..."

AND TED

giving it a very queer look.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER AFTERNOON

Terry's prowling in her slippers and robe. She takes down aspirin, a glass -- stops, watching the tap dripping. She fills the glass with a determined action.

INT. LIVINGROOM - AFTERNOON

Terry pacing, head gives a sharp TWITCH.

TERRY
Damn-it! Got to DO something -- CONCENTRATE on something.

She zeroes in on the desk and a pile of papers.

TERRY
God, got to pay my bills here...
(determined)
I'll pay my bills!

She starts through them, sips from her water.

TERRY
Twenty-nine eighty for electricity!

She reaches up and shuts off a lamp -- realizes she can't see, flips it back on. Grabs another bill.

TERRY
Water bill...if we're all using the same water, how come I gotta pay for it?

She stares at it...revelation creeping into her brain. Suddenly she's out of her seat and RUNNING.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

she flies in, DIZZY, breathing hard. She pulls a flashlight from a drawer, is almost too dizzy to walk.

TERRY
(bitterly determined)
Left! Right! Left! Right!

Putting one foot before the other like a tight rope walker she painstakingly crosses the apartment.

INT, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

her door flies back SLAMMING against the wall. She CHARGES down the steps in leaps and bounds, nearly losing her balance.

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Terry's hand gropes against the light switch as she enters. Nothing happens. She moves through the dank cellar, hunting with her flashlight. She stops.

HER POV

a series of grey boxes sunk in the shadows. Pipes are running in and out of them...they're WATER METERS.

NEW ANGLE

approaching, light probing...Terry looks UP.

HER POV

an overhead lamp -- bulb's missing.

NEW ANGLE

Terry searching frantically with her light.

TERRY
203 -- that's me!

Terry's not really sure what she's looking for. Suddenly she catches her breath.

HER POV

Behind her meter is a metal VIAL. It's attached to the incoming water pipe through a rubber valve like some alloy parasite...tope looks like it can be unscrewed.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE LOWER HALL - AFTERNOON

Ted's just entering, groceries in hand. He FREEZES at...

TERRY (O.S.)
YOU BASTARDS!!!

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

as Terry rages at the container with the butt of her flashlight. Ted appears in the door BEHIND.

TERRY
YOU BASTARDS!!!

The flashlight smashes to smithereens, but the vial breaks loose.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ted races up and GRABS Terry as she crumples to the floor -- water from the separated valve shooting all over them.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Ted's freaked-out, but she's got it, clinging to the vial like her sanity.

TERRY
I'M GOING TO GET YOU BASTARDS!!
YOU BAAASSSTARRDS!!!

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

and Terry, sleeping soundly in a hospital bed. Gina's putting up a few Xmas decorations.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
"Aminazin".

INT. OFFICE - DAY

It's hemmed by thick windows, we can SEE Terry in the b.g. through one. And older DOCTOR looks up from a sheath of papers. Ted and Robert sit, listening.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
It's a very unusual drug...strange to even come across it.

He's got the VIAL in his hand, fingering it.

TED
What do you mean?

DOCTOR
This chemical was developed...

He holds back, looks Ted dead in the eye.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
When taken internally this chemical attacks the human brain -- it causes hallucinations, loss of motor functions; in extreme cases even tumors of the brain. If she had continued to receive this for another six, seven days, she'd have become...incapacitated.

TED
Incapacitated?

DOCTOR
Like retarded, an idiot...possibly for life.

Ted's stunned, his mouth moves a bit but nothing comes out. Robert just looks VANQUISHED.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

DOCTOR
I don't know if the way she is now -- mind wandering, trouble with her speech -- I don't know if it's permanent or not. We'll have to wait and see.

TED
What was this stuff for?

DOCTOR
Sorry?

TED
This Aminazin...what the hell is it used for? Cleaning the pipes or something?

DOCTOR
Mr. Bruer, this chemical was created to do exactly what it is doing to that young lady in there. Aminazin isn't a drain cleaner, it's a bona fide military weapon. You said you found this attached to her tap water? I think you better call the police.

TERRY (O.S.)
No! I'm leaving!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Terry's out of her bed, doing battle with a NURSE.

NURSE
You cannot leave, Terry!

Terry crosses to the closet, starts pulling down clothes. Ted and Doctor rush in as Gina tries to calm her.

GINA
Terry, you're much too sick!

TED
Terry!

DOCTOR
Ms. Cook, please...

TERRY
Three days! I can't have stayed here for three days!

She starts dressing, couldn't care less if people are watching. Ted, Nurse and Doctor maneuver around her. Terry hobbles away, one leg in her jeans.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

DOCTOR
Ms. Cook! I will not allow you to leave, you have to be on medication!

Terry freezes as the nurse holds out a bottle of capsules. Her head's shaking -- obviously still sick.

NURSE
They'll surpress the effects of the Aminazin, Terry.

Terry GRABS the bottle, pockets it, keeps dressing.

ROBERT
Terry, you have to see the police.

DOCTOR
She'll have to sign a release form!

TERRY
I'm not seeing the police! I'm not talking to anyone about this!

TED
For God's sake, someone was trying to poison you!

She GLARES at him -- throws on the rest of her clothes.

TERRY
I am discharging myself -- now!

GINA
Terry!

TERRY
I have to go back!

TED
You CAN'T go back, Terry. Someone's working your shift for the next month till you're better!

ON TERRY

reacting with horror.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - DAY

It's CAROL, thudding away at Poncho's keys. Terry strides on the scene.

DOREEN
Terry!

Jamie and Doreen smile, glad to see her. Carol looks up, smiles, keeps working.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

JAMIE
Heard you was out for the month; figured you were going to steal a real Christmas on us.

DOREEN
(oozing)
Terry, dear, how are you feeling?

TERRY
Chipper, Doreen, real chipper.

ON PONCHO

stripped of his posters and fashion models...no longer a bright colored face...just a fucking machine.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

Terry and Carol enter, Carol lights up a cig.

CAROL
No.

TERRY
Just the night shifts.

CAROL
You don't look so good, you shouldn't be working any shift.

TERRY
Carol. I'll pay you what you'd make over-time at night.

CAROL
C'mon, you work the machine or you don't; we can't split it.

TERRY
Just for another few days...please?

CAROL
You're crazy, you know that!? How will it look to Mr. Connors if I didn't accept this responsiblity?

Terry pauses, doesn't have to think too hard.

TERRY
Tell you what. I'll withdraw my application for manager of the International Division...it's yours.

CAROL
What?

CONT'D:

TERRY
I said: I'll withdraw my application.

CAROL
You're kidding? Why? I wouldn't ask you to do that.

TERRY
Don't ask, just take it...

CAROL
Terry...you don't have to do that.
(pause)
Really? You'd really do that?

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - DAY

Terry strides in, passes Rae.

RAE
Hey! You're back!

TERRY
No doubt about that.

Terry sits down to Poncho, fires him up.

TERRY
(to Jamie)
Where are we?

Jamie looks up at the satellite map.

JAMIE
Poncho's comin' up on Tate Banking, Lisbon.

Terry dials the frequency, leans down beneath Poncho.

DOREEN
What happened to Carol!?

Terry retrieves Jack's cipher -- pulls one of her fashion models from the trash, hangs it back on Poncho.

TERRY
We made a little deal and she let me back on the machine.

DOREEN
Isn't that nice? Such a sweet girl.

TERRY
She's a cunt, Doreen.

Jamie cracks-up, keeps working.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

DOREEN
Oh my God -- you have a foul mouth! Disgusting!

Judy enters, looks down in the mouth.

JUDY
I just opened your letter to Mr. Connors.

TERRY
Be quiet.

JUDY
(after a pause)
There's a long distance call for you from London, a Toby Miles. She's been calling off and on now for days...

Terry explodes out of her seat.

PHONE CONVERSATION INTERCUT: TERRY/TOBY (IN HER MANSION)

TOBY
Thank God, are you all right?

TERRY
Pretty much.

TOBY
(all business)
Listen then: Jumping Jack Flash to see "Hoxha"; H-as-in-Hotel, O-as-in-Oscar, X-as-in-Xray, H-as-in-Hotel, A-as-in-Alfa. Got it? Hoxha.

TERRY
(writing)
Got-it.

TOBY
First, Hoxha is a Tosk...

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

SCREEN
(Terry)
HE WILL KEEP SHOP OPEN LATE TILL HEARS FROM YOU - HOXHA IS A TOSK.

FULL ANGLE

Terry checks her watch, gobbles a yellow capsule.

TERRY
(to herself)
Whatever the hell a Tosk, is.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

She nearly gags on the pill, drinks some coffee.

SCREEN
RIGHT - HAVE IT - WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WAS WORRIED.

TERRY
(talking/typing)
Been sick. Sorry, was afraid I might have blown it.

SCREEN
HOW SICK?

TERRY
Very sick. Otherwise would have called sooner.

SCREEN
TELL MILES YOU NEED HELP.

TERRY
Toby is putting pressure on in London.

SCREEN
HELP FOR YOU - NOT ME.

Terry pauses, pondering this.

TERRY
I'm ok. What do you want for Xmas?

SCREEN
(after a pause)
CIGARS.
(Terry)
CIGARS?
(Jack)
MISS GOOD CIGARS.

Terry pauses again, thoughts whizzing through her head.

TERRY
Why do you do what you do? Morals? Patriotism?

SCREEN
NOT SO SURE - ANYMORE - AM RETIRING.

TERRY
Archer told me. What will you do?

SCREEN
LIKE TO TRY PAINTING.

TERRY
Saw your painting, liked very much.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

SCREEN
THANK YOU.

TERRY
You must be lonely out there.

SCREEN
SO - GET ME HOME.

TERRY
(laughs)
Looks like you're on your way.

SCREEN
GUESS SO - THANKS TO YOU.

Terry becomes sad, realizes it's over.

TERRY
Where will you come back to? London?

SCREEN
??? ??? ??? ??? ??? ??? ??? ???

TERRY
If you come back to D.C. we could have a drink at the Trieste.

SCREEN
(after a pause)
THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL.

Terry chokes-up; in her state, tears could come easily.

SCREEN
WHAT ABOUT YOU? MARRIED - WHAT?

TERRY
Engaged...sort of.

SCREEN
SORT OF?

TERRY
Not sort of; definitely. Will be married in the spring.

SCREEN
(pause)
CONGRATULATIONS.
(pause)
WHAT YOU WANT FOR XMAS?

TERRY
New record album!
(to herself)
That's stupid...

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

SCREEN
GET A PENCIL.

Terry paws through her purse, finds one.

SCREEN
WHAT YOUR FAVORITE COLOUR?

TERRY
Red...definitely red.

SCREEN
PASSIONATE.

Terry eyeballs that one.

SCREEN
WRITE THIS TITLE DOWN.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A tiny place huddled in the shadows. A hand made "script" neon sign says: "TRIESTE". Terry's Z pulls up. Shuts down.

INT. TRIESTE - NIGHT

Terry's at a window table checking the place out, a record album beside a glass of rose. Place is hushed, a young couple sharing wine and smiles, sophisticated, relaxed PATRONS...a romantic refuge from the crush of the city. Totally unlike the Thirteenth Amendment. Terry's "down", toying with her album.

TIGHT ON THE ALBUM COVER

It's a bizzare world: laughing, singing FIGURES raise goblets in salute as the universe writhes in flames. Their faces are SHROUDED with black masks -- we see half a smile, a pair of eyes...not one face is complete.

AND TERRY

raising her eyes to the night sky, lifts her glass to the stars.

TERRY
(sad smile)
Good luck, Jack...

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Terry enters with her package; Ted looks up from the couch.

TERRY
I didn't know you were here?

TED
Where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Terry freezes, sets her package aside.

TERRY
I stopped by the mall to pick something up, ok?

TED
(calming)
Just worried about you

He rises, gives her a kiss. She checks her watch.

TERRY
Pill time.

She exits. Ted picks up the package, toys with it. Terry returns with water and her yellow capsule.

TED
Listen babe, I want to have some talk with you.

TERRY
About what?

TED
I called the cops today.

TERRY
No, Ted...

TED
You're not in your right mind, goddamn-it!

TERRY
I <u>am</u> in my right mind, <u>GODDAMN-IT</u>!

TED
Right? You are, huh? What the hell do you think that shit was that you were drinking? Do you think that was some kind of kids' pranks? That one of the neighbor's brats did it as a joke?

TERRY
Yes! That's exactly what I think. There's a lot of crime in this town, Ted. A lot of sick people.

He starts so speak but she cuts him off COLD.

TERRY (cont'd)
I don't want to talk about it anymore!
(softer)
Please? Let's just...not do this...

CONT'D:

Ted softens, takes her into his arms.

TED
Ok, we'll skip it for now. I'm just worried about you. Ok?

They sit on the couch, Ted rocking her in his arms.

TED
You love me?

TERRY
I love you Ted. Let's not fight? Let's just relax tonight...maybe we could order a pizza, later.
(pause)
Let's just concentrate on us.

Ted beams, kisses her. They hold each other, Terry clinging because she needs to cling to someone. Ted spots the package.

TED
New album?
(she nods)
Great, let's hear it while we wait for dinner. What is it?

Ted slides it from the bag, checks out the cover.

TERRY
Some New Wave thing.

TED
(frowning)
How'd you hear about it?

TERRY
(covering)
Jamie turned me onto it.

TED
What? Boolah music?

TERRY
(snapping)
Jamie is not a "boolah", she's my friend!

They stare at each other, Ted flips the album over.

TED
Relax. I'm only kidding.

Ted eyeballs the weird cover, chuckles.

TED
New Wave is right.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

Ted sets it spinning, sits, drapes his arm over Terry. Suddenly the full force of the Rutgers Choir backed by the big guns of the Philadelphia Orchestra charge into the room like a wave of advancing cavalry. It's KARL ORFF'S uplifting, explosive and weird "CARMINA BURANA".

Terry sits straight up, eyes popping out of her head. Ted stiffens, a cloud descending over his face.

TED
Where did you get this music?

Terry's only reply is a smile, the music sweeping her away.

TED
Who gave you this? No way Jamie turned you on this thing!

TERRY
I bought it myself!

TED
You!? That's a fucking lie! I want to know who gave you this piece of shit!

Terry turns away; her head gives a couple of angry convulsive snaps before she brings it under control.

TED
I know you've been seeing someone else -- it doesn't matter how much dust you throw in my face, goddamn-it. Now all I want is a little truth around here -- that's all I've ever asked from our relationship...

Terry slips on her sun glasses -- had enough of this shit.

TERRY
I'm not seeing anyone!

TED
Don't put those glasses on to <u>ME</u>! <u>BITCH</u>!

He BACK-HANDS her; and it's a good one. Terry half flies, half scrambles off the couch...stunned, struggling to right herself. Ted RIPS the tone arm off and HEAVES the record at her. Terry gapes at him in total disbelief.

TED
You lying cunt, I know you're seeing some mutherfucker named Jack! His painting's here, he just bought you a record -- what else!? Should I go look under the bed?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

He yanks Jack's PAINTING off the wall, lifts it to smash it over the back of a chair.

TERRY
NOOOO!!!

She grabs his arm, it makes him MADDER.

TED
You want it, don't you!?

He shakes her off as if she were a kitten, THROWS the painting across the rjom and goes after her as she scrambles behind the couch in terror...he's OUT OF CONTROL.

TED
I'll give you something you'll never forget!

With a single swipe of his huge arm he flips the couch aside and...FREEZES.

NEW ANGLE

She's got JACK'S PISTOL -- aimed right at the bastard. She's nearly delirious. Ted's shocked almost to sanity.

TED
Terry! Where the hell...are you crazy!?

He approaches. Terry COCKS the hammer stopping him. Ted's anger FLARES again, working himself into a rage.

TED
He works at the bank, doesn't he? You've been screwing one of those fucking human robots! That's really all you've ever wanted -- jus like my fucking professor!
(sudden tears)
Terry! I can't help who I am!!

TERRY
I CAN'T HELP IT, EITHER!!

TED
What you're going through in your head from the aminazin? It's permanent! Hear me? You're going to be that way the rest of your life!

He BANGS out the door. She drops the pistol, breathing hard, eyes wild. Slowly, she climbs to her feet, fighting back tears of anger and frustration...steadies herself.

CONT'D:

There's a KNOCK at the door. She screams, assumes it's Ted.

TERRY
You get the fuck out of here!!

TALBOT (O.S.)
It's Jerome Talbot...

Terry blinks, uncertain. Looks at the pistol.

TALBOT (O.S.)
I must speak with you, Ms. Cook.

She crosses the room and slowly pulls the door open. Talbot's shocked at her appearance.

TALBOT
Oh, dear. I was going to knock sooner, but it sounded a bit stormy in here...

He peeks inside, winces at the room.

TALBOT
Uh, it's late, I know. But, do you think we could chat?

Terry stands aside, concern (for Jack) growing.

TALBOT (cont'd)
(entering)
You know how we English are, always poking about on the Queen's biz -- come rain, snow, dark of night etc. I was thinking about you today; which is an understatement.

TERRY
(motioning)
Sit down.

TALBOT
Thanks.
(he sits)
I was thinking about "Cook". Good concrete English name. Any heretic genes? You know...your father's English, how about your mother?

Terry's instantly put-off.

CONT'D:

TERRY
Siberian Husky.

Talbot arches his eyebrows.

TALBOT
Well, no small talk then. You seem to have pushed a rather important button in London. Cutting straight to the point, we are willing to "take over" as it were, in your efforts to make an exit for Mr. Jumping Jack Flash.

TERRY
Who?

TALBOT
Yes, I lied to you.
(grin)
Under orders. But now I'm here to help.

TERRY
I can handle it.

He checks her out, points to her swollen eye.

TALBOT
Looks as if you've been trying.

TERRY
So have you.

TALBOT
Terry, trust me.

TERRY
I saw how you busted up Jack's apartment.

TALBOT
We didn't bust up anything.

TERRY
You've been following me.

TALBOT
No, we haven't. You would have deserved it for putting that foolish timer on our tele-com. But we really have managed to remain firmly neutral in this matter...

She rises, leads toward the door with uncertain steps.

TERRY
Stay that way.

CONT'D:

TALBOT
All you have to do is give me his cipher.

She opens the door.

TALBOT
What did Toby Miles have you tell him?

TERRY
Nothing!

TALBOT
Hoxha? Did you give him that message?

TERRY
He's free! If that's what you really want, he's free now!

Talbot's propelled to his feet by the news.

TALBOT
(trying not to grin)
Yes, that's exactly what we want. Good night Ms. Cook; sorry to have bothered you. Shan't happen again.

He leaves. Terry shuts the door, some gut fear rising in her. She goes to the phone and dials...feeling dizzy.

TERRY
Archer? It's Terry.

INTERCUTTING: TERRY/ARCHER (IN HIS APARTMENT)

ARCHER
Trouble?

TERRY
I sent Jack to see Hoxha - H-O-X -H-A. I'm afraid something's wrong. I'm scared of...Hoxha.

ARCHER
Lemme get the call out to a few friends; I'll get you at the bank tomorrow.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Terry crawls under the covers, gun in one hand, desk encyclopedia in the other. She lays the book down, studies the gun. She yanks BACK on the SLIDE...lets it SNAP forward. She stares at the thing, realizes its now "hot". Cautiously she sets it aside. Picks up the book. She opens it and starts looking through the listings.

CONT'D:

TERRY (cont'd)
(stunned)
"Tosk"! "Any member of an agricultural based society found in the southern regions of...

She lowers the book, marveling.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - MORNING

And Terry punching away at Poncho. Her head's wrapped in a sweat band. Looks a little strange with her BLACK EYE. Suddenly she notices Judy hovering over her, smiling slyly.

TERRY
(worried)
What? I'm not leaving today; I'm not sick and I don't care what that flabby sonofabitch says.

JUDY
That flabby sonofabitch would like to talk with you.

INT. CONNORS' OFFICE - MORNING

Connors scans a piece of paper as Terry sits opposite trying to keep her head from twitching.

CONNORS
I have a letter here from you withdrawing your application for the International Division promotion.

He tears it up.

CONNORS
So much for that horseshit.

He sits back, looks over her devastated appearance.

CONNORS
Do you think you might be willing to clean-up your appearance a little bit?

INT. OUTER OFFICE - MORNING

Terry emerges with a stunned look on her face. Judy rises, pumps her hand. Terry's too zombied-out from shock to care. Carol passes her heading into Connor's office...fires-off a triumphant smile.

NEW ANGLE

as Terry passes, Rae enters the tele-com room.

RAE
What the hell are you smiling about.

TERRY
(repressing the smile)
Huh? Oh, I just got promoted head of the International Division.

RAE
Hey!! Congratulations!

TERRY
Don't be an ass.

Judy motions at her to pick-up Rae's phone. Terry graps it - INTERCUT: TERRY/ARCHER (IN HIS APARTMENT)

TERRY
Archer? It's a trap, isn't it?

ARCHER
Good chance Hoxha's a company assassin. They wanna end this...Flash goes to see him, Hoxha kills him.

Terry hangs-up, WHITE. CAROL goes by, crying...cursing. Somehow the triumph is so slight.

INT. TELE-COM ROOM - NIGHT

PONCHO
JUMPING JACK FLASH - HOXHA NOT SAFE - ARE YOU THERE - TERRY.

FULL ANGLE

Terry's on the edge of her seat, takes a hit of coffee.

THE SCREEN

nothing...

TERRY

kneads her fist on Poncho's chasis; we can feel the tension GLOWING like heat from her body.

TERRY
Shit...c'mon, be there!

She starts typing, frantic.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D

SCREEN
JUMPING JACK FLASH - ARE YOU THERE?
STAY AWAY FROM HOXHA - TERRRR...

ON TERRY

grinding her teeth in an effort to stave off a convulsion. Gets a grip on herself, wills her eyes toward the screen. - BLANK. She nearly vomits, sprints OFF leaving both her PURSE and the CIPHER. Pause...the machine STARTS RECEIVING.

SCREEN
TERRY - WHAT GOING ON? JACK

LADIES ROOM

Terry gobbles a capsule spatters cold water on her face, rubs her eyes and grimaces at her reflection. She looks like shit, doesn't care. She shuts off the water...the sound of PONCHO makes her perk.

HALLWAY

Terry emerges - lights are OUT. Surprised, she picks her way through the dark. Suddenly her foot SLIPS in something and she sprawls on her ass.

NEW ANGLE

she realizes she's half covered with BLOOD. It's RAE, shirt ripped open, head twisted and split by some incredible force.

AND TERRY

She bangs back against the wall, looks OFF.

HER POV -

Poncho barely visible, cranking away. His screen: TERRY - ARE YOU THERE - JACK.

TERRY

moves toward the tele-com room - suddenly she holds back.

HER POV -

Jamie's TELE-COM comes ON...repeating the same message. One by one all the machines come on and we can SEE a HULKING SILHOUETTE...someone turning on all the machines.

TERRY

flies forward, teeth gritted in mad determination.

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE

on the HULK - it's the guy from the VW RABBIT - thick glasses surveying the tele-coms, hand holding Jack's cipher. He turns on the last machine, looks at the paper, punches in the cipher. Sure enough, Jack's message appears in the screen.

SCREEN
TERRY - WHAT HAPPENING - TERRY

ON THE MAN'S FACE

angled like stone in the bizarre light. He chuckles with satisfaction. Calm, positive...a total pro.

NEW ANGLE

as Terry throws herself at him - with a single motion he GRABS her by the throat with one of his huge hands. She DANGLES there, choking, beating at his arms and chest. He DROPS her, walks casually OFF.

Terry gasps to her feet, rattles her head. She rises, slowly - the machines pumping out Jack's silent cry all around her.

SCREENS
TERRY - WHERE ARE YOU - TERRY

She's on her feet, reeling in her senses - then exploding an animal GROWL Terry takes off after the sonofabitch.

HIGH ANGLE

as the Demon sidles across the street, climbs into the VW.

AND TERRY

pulling her head in from the bank window.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Terry rams the door aside triggering an alarm. The VW Rabbit pulls off and she sprints for the parking lot.

INT./EXT. 240Z - NIGHT

Terry racing through the gears, mouth set.

ANEAD

is the Rabbit, dead in her sights. It's SNOWING.

AND TERRY

her head twitches just to remind her that this is the bastard who ruined her brain. She steadies herself.

INT./EXT. RABBIT - NIGHT

Demon glances in his mirror, spies the trailing head lights, pulls up to the curb to see if they'll pass.

240Z

Terry doesn't fuck around - she RAMS the bastard.

RABBIT

Demon floors it, leaps a curb, fishtails on the slick pavement, straightens out and flies.

240Z

Terry flips the wheel through her hands and buries the accelerator. Datsun's down a headlight from the impact.

NEW ANGLE

the Rabbit leaps the sidewalk and barrels down an alley.

ALLEY

and Terry bulldozing aside garbage cans in a driveby.

NEW ANGLE

as the pair slide onto Massachusettes Ave., and climb through the gears. Terry SLAMS against him, again.

240Z

She's crazed with hatred, trying to kamakazi the bastard.

RABBIT

without breaking stride, Demon whips around in his seat and sprays the Datsun with a silenced MAC110 machine pistol.

240Z

Terry is showered with glass and pieces of dashboard. Her car weaves, but she's not hit.

NEW ANGLE

the Rabbit sprints a clotted intersection and gets away.

TERRY'S POV

cars, lights, people...no Rabbit. She whips the wheel and CHARGES down her one-way street...the wrong way.

EXT. EMBASSY - NIGHT

The Rabbit sweeps up to the gate and HONKS.

TERRY

wheels around the corner, seemingly out of nowhere. She spots the Rabbit.

AND DEMON

turning to the left -- it's a car with one headlight. He lays on the HORN.

TERRY

drives the pedal to the floor -- got the mutherfucker dead-to-rights.

AND DEMON

sweating, blaring the horn. Suddenly the gate KA-THUNKS from electric motors and parts. It's going to be close but Terry's too far...he floors it and lurches ahead.

REAR TIRES

breaking traction on the ice.

NEW ANGLE

it's all she needed -- Terry center-punches the Rabbit driving the Datsun's snout straight into the VW with a monumental CRASH.

TERRY

shrugs off her seat belt, grabs something from the glove box and crawls from the remains of her car.

NEW ANGLE

RIGHT side of the Rabbit -- Demon has been slammed halfway through the door, barely alive. He pulls his tattered body from the Rabbit toward the gates...Jack's cipher in his bloody hand.

NEW ANGLE

as he extends his hand up to the gate...another waiting.

TERRY

NNNOOOO!!

FULL ANGLE

she's got Jack's pistol and it's finally aimed in the right direction. She shoots him -- he's SHOVED back but seemingly absorbs the bullet. Terry unloads the whole fucking thing into his dense frame...shot after shot.

CLOSER

as he dies his hand sinks leaving a swath of red on a brass plaque: "EMBASSY OF THE SOVIET UNION".

TALBOT (O.S.)
Terry!

FULL ANGLE

Terry GRABS Jack's cipher from the dead hand and SWINGS around aiming the .45 at Talbot. Bartlet waits by a car; he ducks. Talbot shows no fear as they face-off.

TERRY
He's a spy; he killed Rae, the guard at the bank!

The sounds of SIRENS grows in the b.g. Talbot perks.

TALBOT
He's a bank robber then, a bank robber...we'll have to say that!

Terry understands, slowly lowers the gun.

INT. EMBASSY TELE-COM ROOM - THAT NIGHT

SCREEN
(Terry)
WHAT HAPPENED WITH HOXHA?

NEW ANGLE

Terry's running the embassy tele-com, Talbot stands back in the doorway, others behind him. He looks nervous, obviously under a lot of pressure.

SCREEN
TERRY - THAT YOU?

TERRY
Yes, Terry. You all right?

SCREEN
HOXHA DEAD - YOU KNOW WHY.

Terry's eyes widen, become intense slits.

TERRY
Yes, I know -- Toby used to set you up. But I can really get you out now. They have agreed to exit. We cause them. too much trouble. Talbot under pressure from London.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TERRY
Do you still trust me?

SCREEN
DO WE TRUST - THEM?

That's the question.

TERRY
I think we can...do we have choice?

SCREEN
RIGHT - IF THEY GET US THIS TIME
WE TRIED.

Terry eases close to the screen, feeling some pretty heavy emotion.

SCREEN
OK - HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?

She takes a couple of deep breaths, straightens a paper on the chasis and starts typing.

FADE

INT. BANK MAIN FLOOR - DAY (DAYS LATER)

Place we first came in. Terry's at a TELLER'S window making a withdrawal.

TELLER
So, this for the big day?

TERRY
(half-listening)
What?

TELLER
Your honeymoon?

Terry looks a little shocked by the revelation.

TERRY
No. Just taking my vacation early.

INT./EXT. L1011 IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

as it makes a banking sweep over a brightly lit city. Terry's aboard, gazing sleepily out at the sights.

INT./EXT. MINI METRO - NIGHT

Featuring Terry in the latter day Cooper S slipping through English traffic with the agility of a giant rollerskate.

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D;

Terry's watching something to her right...intently.

FULL ANGLE

Toby's at the wheel...watching right back; the girls checking each other out in silence. Toby drops the issue. LIGHTS from Stansted Airport can be seen in the distance.

TOBY
This was a yank bomber base during the war. After, when Heathrow started flooding over with traffic, they opened it up again. It gets lots of charters, military sometimes.

Suddenly she lashes out with the horn at a motorcycle.

TOBY
Bloody fool!

TERRY
Thanks for picking me up...

TOBY
That's all right; so long as my husband never knows.

TERRY
I hope you're not in any trouble because of me.

Toby laughs, wags her head.

TOBY
Nothing that won't pass.

They drive along in silence. Finally Toby pulls into an entrance route heading for the field terminal. She looks over at Terry.

TERRY
What did they say?

(CONTINUED)

CONT'D:

TOBY
One military transport will be arriving from our European sector. If he's not on it, he didn't make it.

They continue on in silence.

EXT. STANSTED PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Terry unloads her overnight bag from the Mini.

TOBY
Why don't you get a room? He's not due in till tomorrow.

TERRY
(checks her watch)
Tomorrow starts in fifteen minutes.

TOBY
Why do you care? Why have you put yourself through all this for that cocky sonofabitch?

Toby sticks out her hand; they shake. Shake again.

EXT. STANSTED - DAWN

A ball of red rolling up through the grey. An airliner whistles past.

INT. TERMINAL - DAWN

Terry's bundled up in her coat, blinking against first light. Obviously spent the night here. Checks her watch.

INT. LADIES ROOM - MORNING

She uncaps her pills, stops -- flushes them on an impulse.

INT. TERMINAL - LATER MORNING

Terry's munching something cold from the caferteria.

WALL CLOCK

a nice big round one with real hands: it's NOON

TERRY

stands with her back against the huge glass observation window. Tired, wilting. There's a jet SHRIEK O.S.

EXT. GLASS

as she presses against the glass, eyes straining -- a typically boring airliner stumbles in for a landing.

NEW ANGLE

Terry pacing...

ANOTHER AIRLINER

thuds down...

AND ANOTHER ...

Passengers disgorge attacking the place with cameras.

CLOSER

sure enough, robots.

WALL CLOCK

tells us it's 5 PM

AND TERRY

telling us she's exhausted. She shoves a chair to the window, feet propped against the glass. Suddenly on of her spasm-firs shakes her body. She fights it, refuses to budge. It passes. She collapses back in her chair, victorious.

WALL CLOCK

6:30 PM...

AND THE SUN

sinking. Snow whips past in swirling corkscrews of white.

TERRY'S

bundled up in her coat, watching...waiting...

HER POV

The sun's a massive red egg slipping into the horizon. Flying toward us, as if soaring from its firey core, is a PLANE...painted BROWN.

TERRY

eases forward, forehead against the glass.

TEH PLANE

bearing down on us like an ugly, flying reptile. It banks away showing is its pallid underbelly.

TERRY

eases out of her seat -- could this be it?

THE PLANE

skids in for a landing, kicks-in reverse thrust and is swallowed by a cloud of snow.

ON TERRY

edging along the handrail of the observation deck, picking up momentum.

HER POV

the plane poking its way through parked aircraft, running parellel with us.

TERRY'S

moving faster now, her hand dips into her purse, comes up with a bright red scarf -- she twines it around her throat on the move.

CLOSER

on the plane -- it's a military transport all right, but no roundells or marking s to say so. It makes a pivoting turn, stops and shuts down.

ON TERRY

pulling up short, watching as she catches her breath.

THE TRANSPORT DOOR

drops open...nothing happens. A tornado of snow shoots past.

AND TERRY

patting the hand rail impatiently with her fist.

NEW ANGLE

poeple begin filling out. Most are SOLDIERS, a few CIVILIANS, but there's a general blur of khaki as people deplaning and those boarding blend into an ant-like shuffle.

IN TERRY

eyes darting, trying to pick out faces...hoping somehow she'll recognize him.

BELOW

the passengers THIN.

ANOTHER ANGLE

of Terry, edging along the rail, getting desperate; what if she misses him...if she already has?

CONT'D:

She jerks her eyes away from the glass looking BELOW.

HER POV

SOLDIERS padding quietly through the lower terminal.

CLOSER

picking out faces...chubby, thin, glasses; nothing to inspire.

ON TERRY

as she moves closer to the glass, wipes away some mist.

HER POV

as the last few people meander in and out. A YOUNG SOLDIER races up carrying something -- he's hidden in the crowd. Suddenly there's a gap in the soldiers: A MAN, for some reason in short sleeve khakis, is lighting up a cigar as the young soldier watches attentively.

CLOSER

we get a shot of a POWERFUL BICEP on the arm holding the match. The MAN blows out a luxuriant cloud of blue smoke.

He's tall, handsome and lean in a predatory way. His hair is LONG from lack of attention and, as if in a gesture of absurdity, a tiny white BANDAID is stuck to his cheek. But he fulfills our expectation. Among the soldiers he is like an untamed beast.

ON TERRY

it's him! She gives a jump and starts moving.

NEW ANGLE

as Jack turns AWAY from the terminal, heading for a waiting car and the young SOLDIER.

TERRY

panics -- starts RUNNING.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Jack saunters down the taxiway, getting off on his cigar

TERMINAL

Terry's moving on the rail alongside, but with no way of getting his attention.

NEW ANGLE

the column converging with Terry; the closer they get to the car, the closer to her. Jack looks UP.

TERRY

freezes -- doesn't know what the fuck to do.

THE COLUMN

Jack looks ahead, thumping along...he peeks up again.

AND TERRY

jumping and waving her arms like a crazy school kid.

AND JACK

puzzled. Who's this idiot? He marches on.

CLOSER

he frowns -- peeks up, looks ahead...peeks up.

HIS POV

we ZERO-IN on her RED SCARF.

AND JACK

looking up, mind whirring...could it be?

AND TERRY

going CRAZY -- scaring the shit out of tourists.

TERRY
JACK! JACK! IT'S ME GODDAMN-IT!
JUMPING JACK FLASH!!

AND JACK

shoving aside the wall of soldiers, leaping clear of the asphalt -- hand raised on high in an absolute confirmation of RECOGNITION.

AND TERRY

the same.

THE END